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THE
VIRTUES, VALOR AND VICTORIES

—OF—

Marcus Aurelius Hannabras,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

Colossus Carrie Smash'em,

THE SANCHO PANZA ATTENDING AND AIDING THE

INTREPID KNIGHT OF ORPHANED GRABS AND

WIDOWED SUBSIDIES, WITH GRACE

NOTES FROM THE STRENUOUS

AND HEROIC HEWGAG

—OF—

Truculent Teddy, the Toothless Terror.

BY
GEORGE MCGUIGAN,
YOUNGSTOWN, O., FEBRUARY 15,
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PREFACE.

Of making many books there is no end:
and much study is an affliction of the flesh.

Let us all hear together the conclusion
of the discourse. Fear God, and keep his
commandments: for this is all man.

And all things that are done, God will
bring into judgment for every error, wheth-
er it be good or evil.—*Ecclesiastes*.



SIR HANNABRAS.

SECTION FIRST.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHAMPIONS.

Sir Hannabras; his paunch and parts;
His charities, his virtues, arts,
With some allusions to apt aides
Reflecting glory on his raids;
Colossal Carrie; Toothless Teddy,
The Rough, Remarkable and Ready.

THE COLOSSI IN CONTRAST.

When Carrie Smash'em first flew high,
A-fighting booze, blood in her eye,
Sir Hannabras, alms in him dwelling,
Hot after subsidies went yelling.
Ne'er lived and smashed a grander jag-
Destroyer fell 'neath temp'rance flag
Than Kansas Carrie. When she spits
Upon her hands Rum falls in fits.
And all allow that never knight
So fair as Marcus flash'd in fight,
Not for broad Union with brave troops,
For Mark sent two stout substitutes.
And yet he shines, effulgent star,
In good g. o. p. G. A. R.
Not only brave is Mark, but foxy,
And prize patriot by proxy.
At home he bled through every pore
Whilst Rebs and Yanks shot, shelled and swore.

Sir Hannabras, of Quaker stock,
So noted as gray Plymouth rock,
Was born in modest Buckeye state;
That fact presaged he should be great.

For in Ohio at each birth
Glad throbs of pride perturb all earth,
And Vulcan grimy, looking down,
Begins to cast another crown.
O valiant state, whose virtues raise
Such sons heroical as Hayes!
O noble land, in which McLean
Works double-turn his boundless brain!
It is blest boon with honor bright
In such rare state to first see light,
For there, among her scions stellar,
Pure is regal Rockefeller;
He rivals wrecks, but in rich churches
How he Satan soundly birches!
He is so pious, prim performer,
On Paradise he has safe corner,
To which some day for trifling tolls
He purposes to pipe-line souls.
Ohio, too, 's glad, glorious state
In which McKinley first cut bait.
Unlike most babes, when at the breast
Mac mewled a full-fledged Methodist.
He never even thought a wrong;
His life has been one sweet church song.
Indeed, his presence seems to say,
"Come, sisters, let us kneel and pray!"
And yet, but 'tis rank, base report,
They say he swilled of pop plumb quart!
What wretched crime when rumor loose
Is so permitted to traduce!
Would vital Blue Laws were in vogue
So one might hamstring every rogue
Who, with vile tongue and putrid pen,
Reviles and libels holy men!
But now, when Sloans and pugilists
Have so eclipsed evangelists,
What are so apt as tirade, error,
Slanders, snobs, seductions, terror?
It is enough to blanch chaste cheek
Of Tammany—make Croker shriek.

But we digress. That you may blame,
But Dickens, sticklers, worked that game.

And there are others. Hannabras
In course of time, it came to pass,
On wisdom fed prodigiously
And upright walked religiously.
Indeed, it's said to be proved fact,
He was in virtue so exact
When but slight boy, but stout of lung,
His perpendicular was sprung,
His upright morals, white as snow,
His backbone curving like brave's bow.
And Mark today you may observe
With that so Christian-culture curve.
It's so pronounced he can not bear
To sit or sleep in straight-backed chair,
But has seats made to fit fair line
His pious pose fixed in sprung spine.
In Hannabras hale vertebra,
Which gives his back that equine sway,
Proclaims that he may truly boast
He chums with Son and Holy Ghost.
In fact, some folks opine that he
Is one-third of Blest Trinity.
But such opinion deeply shocks
The Ingersolls and orthodox,
And for some time we drubbed this doubt:
Put that fact in, or cut it out?
For there's no sin quite so egregious
As false statement sacrilegious.
What if some Paine in public print
Audacious dared to howl or hint:

In heaven above where all is joy
No stupid sermons, son, annoy!
Said Eve to Adam: "I'm content;
"They threw us out, but got no rent!"
Some day Fitzsimmons up above
May box with Wesley hand in glove!
Blaine, looking down, to Voltaire said,
"How poorly Cody's clothes fit Ted"!

Such sentiments most shameful soil,
And He should scribbler of them spoil,
For no one should assail religion—
No—not so much as 'Hammed's pigeon.

Sir Hannabras, at early date,
Displayed unique, surprising trait:
When but plump babe, it has been told,
✓ When he had colic he'd yell, "Gold!"
When old enough to toddling walk
Of yellow-boys alone he'd talk.
But paper he would tear to bits;
Mere sight of greenbacks gave him fits;
Hence some folks grave and some a-grin,
Say he to Gage is clear akin;
And some, not two, nor three, but dozens,
Say Mark and Grover are close cousins.
That is not true, although some others
Declare prime pair are plainly brothers.
'Tis true that each with equal grace
Extends far forward into space,
Each turgid paunch, crammed with good cheer,
Describing huge, half-Giotto sphere.
Though Mark, like Grove, seems 'neath his vest
To have squat beer-keg bulge at rest,
That doesn't prove, as some fcols pother,
They had at least the same forefather.
To put at rest this weighty matter,
We need but say that hosts are fatter.
For instance, there is Osborne, Bill,
Famed consul, fat enough to kill;
Yet none, we b'lieve, has ever stated
That he and Grove are blood related,
Especially since Bill is prone
To swear he props King Edward's throne,
And fierce maintain, in fury true,
He single-handed pulled Mac through.
Whilst Osborne's pompous, curt and gruff,
All crowned heads own he is hot stuff.

Sir Hannabras, when he grew up,
Held onto soft snaps like bull-pup
Fast to ripe bone, or rubber boot,
Or missionary onto loot
In China, where cold natives come
To Christ through cannon-balls and rum,
Which should be well, for Jesus, Lord,
Avowed He brought with Him a sword.

And as to rum? Why, there is wine
In church communion, food divine!
And oft, you know, for heaven's sake
Creeds roasted Brunos at sweet stake.
Good prelates, chanting proud His name,
Delighted fed fair, fervent flame,
Which is best argument to stick
Deep down damned throat of heretic.
There's nothing better than pure blaze
To purge out error in men's ways.
How He, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Enjoyed an Inquisition roast!
It matters not what heathen man says
Of late reforming flame in Kansas,
This fact remains, despite Fang's ire:
No holy father equals fire.
Each church should have blest fire-place
For doubting thugs refusing grace.
When men won't worship make them burn!
In lethal flames let lobsters learn
This trenchant truth: Whilst Gcd is love,
Stiff sinner into hell He'll shove.

Sir Hannabras where he was at
Took early on financial fat
Beside Lake Erie. Getting rich
He sudden caught politic itch,
Which Galens say 's much worst disease
Unceasing cursing centuries.
See how it's made Boy Bryan err:
Once honest man, now editor!
However, though degenerate,
He swore off being candidate.
So far so good: may he repent
And pine so truly penitent
He'll cease with pen to prosy prod
And Grover join with rye and rod.
O, brothers, let us fervent pray,
For Bourbons' sake, Bill won't delay!

Sir Hannabras, through tugs, lands, leases,
Et caetera, grew rich as Croesus,
At which time lucky it fell out

Limp, spineless friend went up the spout.
That painful, but propitious, caper
Resulted through endorsing paper,
Or some such graft. Mark, large of heart,
Fixed up bad debts, or larger part;
And so with Mac, Knight Mark was soon
The very solidest Muldoon,
To Mac Mark freezing (this between us)
So close as Vulcan froze to Venus.
Knight did his head high saucy toss
Right then, like vain rhinoceros.
He bought loud pants and vests and coats,
And plainly proved he felt his oats.
Rare ties he wore in varied style
Beat every rainbow, boys, full mile.
E'en Berry Wall, once fashion's glass,
Ne'er trotted in knight's necktie class.
As to knight's hats it needs but said be
They more than distanced Ted's that dread be.

Sir Hannabras, his kill pursuin',
Rose ace-high on his friend's undoin';
So France, when gone her last simoleon,
Through ruin deified Napoleon.
However, notwithstanding, yet,
Napoleon had git-up-and-get;
In which respect McKinley? Zounds!
He couldn't stay through three tame rounds.

Sir Hannabras, close mortgage holdin'
On McKinley, warm and cold one,
Used paid-for power like proud caliph,
Or mean, puffed-up, crooked bailiff,
Advantage taking of disaster
To make himself Weak Willie's master,
Limp Willie shrinking meek as Moses;
Mark cutting ice, unjointing noses.
And so it chanced, through stupid blunder,
Coarse knight at last e'en ruled the thunder.
When he said "Rain!" it tubfuls fell;
When he said "Dry!" the drought was hell.
But not alone in politics
Stood, stands, he Herrmann fond of tricks,

For he most-grasping ring can square;
 Knows when to jolly, when to dare;
 When best to shout for labor's cause;
 When in duped friend to flash-light flaws;
 When wages should be kept up high,
 Election farce then being nigh;
 When best for him, in senate lurkin',
 To play bold part of Holdup Turpin;
 When it is best to bankers throw
 To make 'em cough up campaign dough;
 When it is policy, precise
 To close one's lamps and just look wise;
 When to refrain; when call on force;
 When best to marry, or divorce.
 But Hannabras is at his best
 When some reform's the button prest.
 Reform is now his chiefest care;
 It forms alone his bill of fare.
 No matter what Weak Will may eat,
 Reform's rich Hannabrastic meat.
 Though finest bird that ever flew
 Is young fried chicken served at 2,
 Plump knight declares reform is pickin'
 Better far than squabs and chicken.
 Though every virtue great and small
 He loves, his one that's cardinal
 Is charity. To aid his friends
 And him, himself, to gain their ends
 He is so good, loves them so much,
 He'd Sam's republic slug and touch.
 His great heart longs to take all in
 Away from Shylocks who might skin
 Plants unprotected. On his arm
 Columbia feels safe from harm,
 And, leaning on his broad, chaste chest,
 She, weeping, thanks God she's so blest.
 To see her thus so trust true knight,
 Secure in his high sense of right,
 Moves one in gratitude to say:
 "Colum., please never break away!"
 In her position, sentiments
 Arise discounting 30 cents.
 But being tried, and true, and old,

And he unsentimental, cold,
Let no one dare to harbor thought
They e'er felt other than they ought.
Too often in this vale of tears
Grows scandal on rank root Appears.
'Tis better sure to doubt your eye,
To tell your tongue, "You certain lie!"
Than ready ear to lend to tale
That So-and-So is fast or frail.
Give every maid and matron out
And widow benefit of doubt.
So does good knight, so always bold
And brave sweet, fair sex to uphold.
Still he loves beauty—is wise male
Who's oft bewitched where buds exhale
Rare fragrance 'round.

Sir Hannabras

In every virtue heads first class.
That fair, full reason 'twas so fit
This history was lately writ,
For it proclaims his every deed
As true as Gospel, or best Creed.
His moral portrait, we here limn,
Is fair as you can get of him,
And this the wherefore: Like bright sun
He shines too blinding to be done
With full exactness. None may paint
With satisfaction such warm saint.
As well expect poor daub to tip
With dew lush grass, with love rose lip
Of beauty luscious, as to pen
Pure picture true of perfect men.
It can't be did; nor can you make
An old-soak nose with scarlet lake.
Art does it's best, but night must lack
Charms sombre when but ivory black.
Like Davenport, in black and white
One may suggest the peerless knight;
But none alive, or who may live,
May hope most gorgeous tints to give.
However, though the knight we daub,
We'll make a stagger at the job.

CYCLOPEAN CARRIE.

Whence Carrie, valorous, chaste maid
In bloom of youth, to Kansas strayed,
Macaulay wrote not; Tacitus
Refused to make reply to us
When telegraphed. In Gibbon's Rome
There's merest hint about her home,
But nothing satisfactory
Of her, or her glad actory;
But daily sheets, which never err,
Print rare conflicting lives of her
Profusely finely pictured, whence
We this true brief with care condense:

Carrie Smash'em, Titan, Thor,
Was born near "dark Plutonian shore"
Out in Mizzouri, where they pack
Much pork and thrive on apple-jack,
And where they raise each year large crop
Of Democrats too tough to flop.
It is that state's glad pride to own
She's bounded on all sides by Stone,
Who, when he weeps—great men shed tears—
Pours little, perfect, argent spheres,
Which crowds of his admirers choose
To gather up and blow for booze;
And thus it happens that Stone's grief
Booms Bryan's cause, truth's very chief;
And proves again, as clear as night,
Whatever is is rarely right.

When but a tiny, teentie girl
(Permit a Whitcomb-Riley pearl)
Within her crib, where Carrie sat,
'Twas her chief joy to cuff each cat.
She'd pussy punch below the belt,
Him uppercut, and jab, and welt.

In clinches she'd remove the fur
With quick in-fighting, famed through her.
Sometimes—and this you'll read with grier—
Disdaining rules she'd sink her teeth
Into her squalling, feline foe
Till blood would on her didy flow.
'Tis said no cat escaped her lair
Without the loss of half his hair;
And there's tradition that that tot
One monster cat tied in hard knot.
But that's unlikely. Fictions wait
Upon wide pathway of the great.
Let one become, like Boni, noted
And he'll be thickly anecdoted.
However, it is certain Carrie
Displayed some traits of hot Old Harry.
This is attested: When but 3
She wrecked her cosy nursery.
She pitched her dolly head-first through
A window; tore her bib in two;
She smashed smooth china vessel white;
An earthen pup knocked out of sight;
Her didy from her person tore
And, raging, with it beat the floor;
She seized her papa's Sunday hat,
And didn't do a thing to that!
But what she did we do not mean
To put in print, but shove side scene.
So long as Comstock's out of jail
Some facts historians must veil.

When Carrie's age was five or six
She was a kind of crucifix—
A little, lethal, live machine,
Or bifurcated guillotine.
Some said, but people do missay so,
She had in her bad blood of Draco;
Some others living in her town
Said: "She's a chip off old John Brown."
A wise man, versed in musty Greek,
Swore she'd a dissipated streak
Of Alexander, but he lied.
For Alec tanked up so he died.

And Carrie? Heavens! She'd have dropped
Dead in her tracks had beer corks popped.

'Twas Carrie's great delight to dub
As kid around in critters' blood.
For her when it was a boon
To get a chance to carve a 'coon.
And serpents? Why, that tot would take
A rattler by the tail and shake
Until he'd look as if he'd seen
And been shot through a Swift machine,
Or had been chump enough to fool
Behind meek rapid-firing mule,
Or had aspired once to swing
Against Tom Hyer in the ring.

At school, when but a slender slip,
Her favorite fun was crack-the-whip.
The boys, with whom she always played,
Rough sometimes used the little maid;
But she had grit and was so tough
She often made 'em howl "Enough!"
It was a picnic, perfect treat,
To see her use her fists and feet.
At fisticuffs with lusty blades
She'd give the toughest cards and spades,
And, light on foot as now her talk,
She'd win out easy in a walk.
Swift as McGovern, stiff her blows
Fell fast upon the nut and nose.
'Twas she, in Waco, down in Texas,
First placed the fatal Fitzic plexus,
And she it was, as all should know,
Who floored a dub with pivot-blow.
Ere time to think e'en indiscreet,
She was on Boxing Easy street.
Where'er she went, used fists and pins,
She left a lot of small has-beens,
Whom she defeated, not for fame,
But for the glory of His name.
In her today one plainly sees
Confused, perverse antipathies.
In order order to maintain

She crowned disorder calls to reign.
However, so it is in war;
For peace men, fighting, shed their gore.

When Carrie grew to man's estate
She very soon copped out a mate,
Who, greatly aided by old rye,
The good luck had to early die.
Her grief was keen, but why she cried
Is question still unsatisfied.
Some said, but said no doubt untrue,
She wept for lack of No. 2.
She proved base words were falsehoods when
She soon thereafter wed again,
She following the beaten track
Of widows, God knows how far back.
Her present victim late was seen
To weep, but whether that canteen
Prevails some places, or that he
Is still alive, none certainly
Appears to know. But we opine
That he's alive brought forth the brine.
Deep sympathy should go to clam
For life bound to a battering-ram.

But we advance too rapid. Here
Is bit unique in Her career:
Ere Cupid, rosy, roguish cuss,
Who brings such pain and joy to us,
In Carrie's chest had thawed thick ice,
She, shucking corn, espied some mice.
One of the timid creatures ran
Up Carrie's what is leg in man.
Did Carrie faint, and flutter, fall?
Not on your boarding-house fishball!
She calmly reached above right knee,
Just where rash captive chanced to be,
And pulled him out; then, with a smile,
She said, "Now try the left awhile!"

Would Maid of Orleans stood such test?
Would Queen Victoria, called best?
Would Catherine, great Cyprian queen?

Would even Mrs. Sawney Bean?
Would lion-hearted old Queen Bess?
Would Tulip Cheek, in baggy dress?
Would Corbett even, or McCoy?
Would old John L., once Boston Boy?
We undertake to say, Not one!
What Carrie did none else has done.

Some fighting females, long since dead,
Rode forth a-horse foes' blood to shed,
But Carrie when She goes to jar
Jugs, joints, or men, rides in a car
And not upon a bull or bear,
Or other critter hide-and-hair.
For tone and style She e'er affect's
Prime pair of telescopic specs,
Through which when Tesla one time eyed,
He people on the planets spied,
Among them seeing Henry Eight
With Wolsey in red-hot debate,
The king maintaining perfect wives
Are those alone in Paradise.
Hen said the few he had decreed
Upon his private block to bleed
Were well enough, perhaps, b'gosh,
But, dern 'em, none of 'em would wash!

When Carrie through her soul's sash peeps,
Rare heart of each reformer leaps
Like circus horses when they spring
And hurdles clear within the ring,
Where gaudy fairies, togged in gauze,
Gyrate per gravitation's laws,
But not rules moral, which appear
Opposed to most big picnics here.
Pale pulpiteer most always dins
That lively joys are lethal sins.
That may be why good Carrie's now
A stout old chestnut with no bough.
It seems that She, whilst in pursuit
Of perfect bliss, produced no fruit.
However, She, like Hagar, may
Cry out for cribstock some fine day,

A-wailing: "Husband, dear to me,
"Death, death, or rosy progeny!"
'Twere pity should She starward shoot
No sapling leaving from Her root.
But it oft happens widows fair
To look upon but poorly bear.

Your farmer knows best soil wears out
If constant plowed. 'There is no doubt
But Sancho Carrie had the will;
But Providence reigns o'er us still.
Though Carrie never honored earth
With issue not exciting mirth,
She hath conceived true, happy plan
To save sin-saturated man,
Convinced that rum, since Adam's time,
'S been at foul base of every crime.
She proved the flood with all its bale
Was caused by Noah drinking ale;
That coward murder done by Cain
Had damned inception in champagne,
That fizzy stuff that is so fine
Where ballet girls and sapheads shine.
And She today has proof to show
That drinking booze caused Adam's woe.
Eve ate no fruit, but took stiff swig
Of stuff that made her joyful jig.
And then it was the Lord, they tricked had,
Elected they should be evicted.
It is a very pretty tale if
E'en the Lord did act as bailiff.
But Carrie does not men evict;
She holds that sinners should be sticked
And holy clubbed, as some police
Pound men to pulp to keep the peace.

Here seems best place to slight allude
To Carrie's kosher, simple food.
She favored fruits; pear, peach and quince
She craved, but cursed fell brandied mince.
She held that alcohol in pie
Was criminal of deepest dye.
When pie was passed She'd take no hunk

Unless on plate smiled good old punk.
Plum-puddings fat, with brandy wrought,
One time all winter fierce She fought.
She said: "Men, eat that dev'lish mush!
"And you will hellward surely rush!
"The devil's in it! Imps and he
"In that dish hide iniquity!
"Of deep depravity it smells!
"It is a limb of hottest hells!
"If one commandment add I could,
" 'Twould be: Eat not of brandy pud!
" 'Tis horrible to see men eat
"Of such dark, deep-damnation meat!"

From every drink but water plain,
She says She ever shall refrain,
As ever did. She proves strong drink
Accursed, tough, connecting link
Forged by old Split Hoof, under ground,
To keep this earth to Tophet bound.
"The juice of hell" 's what She calls rum;
"The swill of Satan" dubs She Mumm;
And amber beer, instinct with hop,
She swears is simply sinful slop;
And whiskey? She's no words at hand
To tell how vile it is and damned.
She marvels how it was that He
Made water wine near Galilee,
And how it happened Noah swilled
Until his seadog paunch was filled:
Though short or tall, or thick or lank,
He to repletion taxed his tank,
Plain fact She never understood,
Since God declared he was so good.
"And then to know," so Carrie preaches,
"How he took on that load of peaches!
"The Lord in him was sure misled,
"And for that jag should struck 'im dead.
"O, had I seen him on that lark,
"How I would pulverized that ark!
"At least, I'd done the best I could
"To smashed that tub to kindling-wood!
"To which I mean to soon reduce

"Each joint that sells the jag-jug juice!
"O why do men these schooners drain
"Of stuff next morning bringing pain?
"O why do men with scarce a rag
"Invest their earnings in the jag?
"And there are women giving suck
"To babes, and yet they chase the duck!"

The dress of Carrie was not lace,
But plain and coarse to match her face,
Which scoffers say, and, saying, shock,
Would stop a corsair, car, or clock.
One Sunday and three riot suits
She has, along with lined gum-boöts,
Which sort Welsh miners often wear;
Her rubbers cost three plunks a pair.
She joking said, "These boots come high;"
They reach up half way to Her thigh.
But of Her costumes, fare and freaks,
This narrative more fully speaks
In other sections. In a word
Therein you'll see She is a bird.
Here soberly we've tried to daub
Mere outline. In full-finished job
We hope to paint Her so precise
You'll see Her soul storm through Her eyes.
But here we say, and say emphatic,
It takes fine art to fix fanatic
On the canvas striking, true,
In line correct and proper hue.
The ocean's grandest when wild stirred;
So, also, Carrie. When perturbed
In action picturesque She's best,
But flat, monotonous, at rest.
Yet, at Her worst, She's bonny lass,
And brave to aid Sir Hannabras,
Who so reformed the world with Teddy,
The Rough, Remarkable and Ready.

TERRIFICAL TEDDY.

Each Tacitus who tells about
Terrific Teddy cuts some out,
As if full truth he had some fear
The work's integrity might queer.
But we propose, in plain A.-Saxon,
To give complete all vital facts an'
Some traditions. So Macaulay
Wrote his English annals squally.

An old historian, erring much,
Makes Teddy come down from Low Dutch,
In Holland placing Ted's foresire.
That old historian was dull liar.
This second Sancho of grand war
Engaging thus much time and lore,
Was proper born amid the stars,
His natal planet ruddy Mars,
Whence he was wafted earthward, far
Descending here on falling star.

Full-fledged at birth, like blue-eyed maid
Glaucopis ne'er in cradle swayed,
Ted for some time on Mars pursued
All fiercest mammals and their brood.
His pastime that, but martial mind
To blood-and-thunder war inclined,
And ere he quit his native planet
He left alive no soul to man it.
Hence, useless, Tesla, now with science
With Mars you cut ice for alliance.
Late aerolites that struck this land
Were hurled from Mars by Teddy's hand,
Who there one day shot off his gun;
And lo, great black spots on the sun!
Mohammed played ball with pale moon;
Ted Nelson-locked one day at noon

Bright planet Venus, throwing her
Beyond far Dipper and Great Bear.
That feat excited nasty scandal
Which we disdain herein to handle,
Except to write: Marsmen were prone
To lie and libel like our own.

In passing, let us say chief three
Hale heroes of this history
Are chaste as ice.

When Teddy lit
Upon this earth he made such hit
As Grover lately when he charmed
One-half the world, one-half alarmed.
His silver tones for golden ore
Shall ever echo 'long time's shore
Like Guiteau's crime. Immortal fame
In vice and virtue lives the same.
Judas and Nero, Burr and Booth,
Defy time's gnawing, glutton tooth
With quite so much success as these:
Christ, Plato; Caesar, Socrates.

When Teddy, falling from far height,
Shot downward in meteoric flight,
He jarred old earth from stem to stern
And made the dead ones shrouded turn.
New seas leaped forth alive; vast Alps
Till then entombed heaved high huge scalps
Above black clouds, which, moving slow,
Bowed their high heads and ceased to blow.
Awed sheeted dead, so feared, in fear
Some places, sprinting, didst appear
Horrific howling. Some stiff's stood
By bars, but, failing to make good,
Trim barkeeps cried, "You mugs vamoose!
"This ain't no morgue! See? What's the use!"
And then the lobsters, crushed and meek,
Slow shuffled mute and took mean sneak.

Ted's advent strange, so marked, erratic,
Made changes instant, plain, emphatic.

Comb. shears and razor used with grace
Change much bum looks of hair and face
Unkempt and stubbled. Teddy's drop
Groomed like such service in a shop.
All nature seemed as if made over
From peaks colossal down to clover.
That simile, we own, is stolen
All right, all right, but nolens volens,
S, as it is in stately Latin,
Which now and then some verse comes pat in.
Steal, authors, when for thoughts you grumble;
'Tis better, bard, to steal than stumble.
Here we confess, securely nail it
That none may boastingly retail it,
Tho' in this matter we've no feeling,
We've done and shall do lots of stealing;
And pard'ning us is Solomon
With his no-new-thing-'neath-the-sun.
That sage, with lively nymphs to burn,
Did authors then no two-spot turn.

More things than Edison invented,
More wonders than in mind demented,
Succeeded coming of our hero:
Things got to boiling when b'low zero;
Dupes ceased to bite and solemnly
All pastors scorned fat marriage fee;
Wives loved their lords and lords their wives;
No longer scandal followed drives
At night through woodland's solemn gloom;
Cashiers stopped stealing, and proved groom
Quit selling grain for cash to rush
The growler; bishops ceased to lush;
And cardinals, with crafty hope,
No longer prayed to rule as pope;
No more cheap skates with noted sires
Disgraced commands; strapped, lordly liars
Quit sailing o'er to marry swag.
A hank of hair, and bone, and rag;
Pure Parkhurst grew prime pair of wings;
Boss Croker quit remarks and things;
Good Grover ceased to think out loud
To teach the stupid, madding crowd;

Duello Boni ceased to slay
In Paris writer every day,
And also ceased to touch and buy
And sell, and put it on shark's eye;
Reformers ceased to hunt for flaws,
And let up yelling, "Cram more laws
"Into the statute-book to ball
"Up all these sports that make men fall!"
No more the preacher heard the Lord
Call him to lambs who did afford
More wealth and wool. So some things, Hutch,
That Teddy, falling, chanced to touch
Felicitous.

Each tongue then he
Spoke fluent with marked diarrhe'.
It seemed, at least when he was roiled,
His teeming brain were castor-oiled.
His periods, full of touching thrills,
Linked lore with fat, cathartic pills
So laxative his stump speech din
Recalled Quixote's flux in inn.
His lingual looseness some opined
Was so pronounced since oft he dined
On jalap mixed with diuretic
Compounds partially emetic.
Philosophy, he was so loose,
He squirted like a grass-gorged goose.
Hence some compared him to Lenander,
But cheap wits called him Tom Platt's Pandar;
For paraphraser, dang their eyes!
Respect not best men nor the wise.
On Greek and Latin, liquid Sioux,
He on no provocation drew.
His Hebrew was so pure, surprised
Jews swore he sure was circumcised.
In Arabic so fine he swore an'
Versed, men said he wrote dull Koran.
His Latin, plain or tuned with trope,
Brought him rare Gold Rose from rich pope.
Ted's Dutch to him from Wilhelmina
Brought frequent, fervid, flattering line a-
Long with gracious bid to call and
Be her spouse in dammed, damp Holland.

His Attic salt proved plainly he
Gulp'd blood and Greek and wine and skee
With Callimachus, and all wot
Ted's Swede was Johnny-on-the-spot.
His Welsh was joy and his Chinese
Ting Fang declared was just the cheese.
Ted's Coptic charmed, and his high Celt
Of bogs, begorry, loudly smelt.
His Norse, we grieve, was rather poor,
His grammar ragged and impure;
But his Italian, Basque and Crow
Quite in deep shade threw Cicero.
But what's the use! It 's enough
To say he lingual called each bluff.

Ted's muscle matched his matchless grace;
No cobra e'er could so embrace
Bull, Boer, or black. When Ted took hold
He crushed colossal critters cold.
He once, like Samson, ripped huge brute
From tip of tail clear to his snoot.
Ourang-outang, and other ape,
With one clout he'd yank out of shape.
He once huge ox punched on the cheek
Into the middle of next week.
Whene'er he landed hard, his bats
Caved in the toughest slugger's slats;
But Ted's main graft, when in warm muss,
Was with the duffer's wind to fuss.
His lefts were beauts, but when he led
Big dexter duke the ring ran red
With claret, which these days profuse
Few fighters, fakers, ever lose.
In ring, or any other, bout
Ted never failed to score knockout;
For he employed both strength and wits
When needed, bunching well his hits.
His punches told all right, Fitz, but
His Klondike was quick upper-cut.
With pivot-blow, upon the chin,
Each champion he'd smash all in.
It pleased the ring-side push to see
Him side-step and block perfectly.

With oar and sail, with trap and trigger,
He'd row, yacht, snare, and ring the figure,
So gracefully, with skill and vim,
He'd make the blocks of all sports swim.
No better curler ever curled;
No truer pitcher ever twirled;
A Centaur he when proud he rode;
Both sea and land were his abode;
At sprinting Ted was such success
He easy distanced fast express;
When pigeon-shooting, every snap!
Bang! fell a dead bird by the trap;
When on the ice he'd circulate
He'd trim all experts up-to-date;
His cricket playing, true and neat,
Had all Great Britain at his feet;
At poker, euchre, crib and bank
And all such games he held first rank.
In fact in each game, every sport,
He led the bunch, so touts report.

In war none e'er could Teddy reach,
He warmest babe on bellic beach.
He brought fair South between two days
To see dark error of her ways
And sue, on bended, bleeding knee,
For Lincoln's love and amnesty;
Made England howl and sneak away
From her tough guts in Africa;
Flew at Spain's dwarfs and like tomcat,
Or terrier, tossed gaunt, grey old rat,
Its vermin slinging o'er salt seas
To senile rot of church disease.
Tots lisp rare romance of Ted's row
In Cuba, through his valor now
Free, wealthy, glorious and glad;
Of Greater Cuba he's proud dad.
Swart Filipino, through Ted free,
His name breathes in loved litany,
And begs High Heaven condescend
To be his faithful, fervent friend
And paraclete.

As hunter, Ted
Apt said to Cody, "Bag your head!"
Bill held his peace, but sickly smile
Proved Teddy had Bill beat a mile,
He saying: "I am held ace-high,
"But Teddy, boys, for me s too fly.
"Besides his nerve, his skill and pluck,
"That lobster has all kinds of luck.
"I thought I was the prince—the pink—
"And so I am. Well, I don't think!
"I pulled my freight quick out of sight
"When he made good all right, all right!
"I don't propose to stand by him
"And let him public douse my glim
"When I for years had all them guessin'.
"Defeat like that's too dang'd distressin'."

Tales told of Tell, who shot brown bun
From off Swiss head of his fair son,
Pale 'fore fine feats that Teddy crown
With halo bright of high renown,
Which were far greater, more than chief,
Had gun not touched Ted for his teeth.
With all his ivories in his jaw
His meat was mostly wild-cat raw:
Bereft of them, cooked in huge kettle
Is all his chuck, just plain spoon victual.
Hence, sometimes Teddy makes grimace
Before flat food to feed his face.
When he was young and rum and merry,
He'd eat ox whole or dromedary:
But now when old and he does chum it
With the great, and's forced to gum it,
Besides spoon fare his only bait
Is oakum picked in ship of state.
His drink is gore: each day of blood
He swigs an ample oaken tub:
But not of beasts. Hot blood he drinks
Is regal blue and has no kinks.

Ted's dress is ornate. In his socks
Of beaten brass are crystal clocks.
And now when he's on fame apeak

He wears a clean-boiled shirt each week.
His costumes all, both old and new,
The peace disturb. In every hue
On Wall street once his loudest vest
Through Comstock brought about arrest.
That good man meekly said such dress
He must for morals' sake suppress.
Dice gracing Teddy's dome of thought,
Wild caddy wonderful was wrought.
In no respect that far-famed hat
Resembles stove-pipe worn for Pat
Of Erin's isle. Hosts pleased avouch,
Though fine, soft felt, Ted's hat's no slouch.
Broad brim, all stained in many a war,
Flopped low behind, stuck up before,
Or at left side. Hat martial cut
Much ice upon his noble nut.
In Philadelph'a, in large hall,
That hat made thousands frantic bawl.
Crimped crown disclosed wide, ragged rent;
Through there by chance Spain's cannon sent
Hot solid shot, which shaved Ted's hair.
He for short time was barefoot there.

But why here longer linger, Lou,
O'er trifles making such ado,
When he, his body and great soul
Should claim attention sage? Time's scroll
Filled full of fictions for dubs' fame
Should show hereafter just his name;
Except, of course, the peerless two
Twined with his own. They honor do
Him glorious, and he on them
Effulgence sheds; so gem on gem.

SIR HANNABRAS.

SECTION SECOND.

THE PRELIMINARY.

The three reformers meet and plan,
Sir Hannabras to take the van
For commerce clean; She's named to lead
For ethics pure—for morals bleed;
Ted, god of peace, to fight fierce, sore,
Against red anarch and all war.

THE COLOSSI IN CONCLAVE.

When night upon her ebon throne
Sat playing solitaire alone,
Sir Hannabras with Ted and Her
Met deep to ponder and confer.
Said Knight: "My people, we are met,
"In solemn senate here we set,
"A work much greater, friends, by far
"Than His, when He stuck final star
"In endless space—eternal plain—
"To counsel on: How best to bane,
"Demolish, crush out, do, destroy,
"Each sin and crime—all lustful joy!
"We mean in sin to squirt, or whoop,
"The redhot, everlasting soup!
"The grain is ripe and 'twill be sweet,
"You bet, to get there with both feet.
"We mean to prove reform 's no bluff—
"That we're no stiffs, but just the stuff!
"The world of sin may scoffing shout,
"But, babies warm, we'll ne'er fan out!
"When we make good, all souls degraded.

"And the bum, how we'll have faded!
" 'Twill be a cinch! O, how we'll knock
" From every evil, friends, the block!
" We'll show the push we trot no nag
" Who ever got the botts or flag!
" We may be plain, and Ted's from Mars,
" But we don't scare much at them cars!
" And Carrie, though you've frightful flew
" Mile heats, you've never caſt a shoe!
" Of course, right now, here at the start,
" They'll hand us out the marble-heart;
" But, friends, all foemen we will lace
" Despite the de'il and frozen-face.
" Sky-pilots e'en, who from the Lord
" Ne'er hear loud calls to small reward,
" May Scripture quote to prove we sin
" And do their best to rub it in;
" But you may gamble safe, each friend,
" We'll give 'em back good as they send!
" We're in His ring to give and take,
" Not put on, nor pull off, a fake!
" Dubs may find fault—may us accost
" Declaring all reform a frost,
" But, friends, here let me tip you off:
" No true cause cares for taunt or scoff.
" Let fool indecently expose
" His lack of thought, stick up his nose,
" Lampoon and laugh, or snarl and sneer,
" Yet he no vital truth can queer."

"It seems to me," here Carrie spoke,
"It's high time, Teddy, here to choke
" The chairman off. His flux of noise
" Me satisfies he loves his voice."

"I think myself," cried Ted with glow,
"He plays his hand almighty slow."

"I trust, my friends," replied the chair,
"Each here with chips'll play them fair.
" We've no cold decks, and none should squeal,
" For you'll get action and square deal.

"We're not, howe'er, immune from slips;
"So, if you wish, cash in your chips."

Then Carrie thus: "You generalize;
"I believe in raids and rows precise.
"Talk is but the'ry, but an ax,
"Or hatchet, gits right down to facts!
"Your vapid pulpits vain appeal,
"But clubs is arguments all feel.
"Yell 'Come to Jesus!' till your face
"Is black, you'll not move rascal race,
"But mix some cold lead with your prayer,
"And heathen temples then and there
"Begin to tumble. I'm for war!
"An' proud proclaim it on this floor!"

"And so am I! But war for peace!"
Vociferated Teddy. "Lease,
"And Mrs. Stanton, Carrie Cat
"And other females he like that,
"My plans approve."

"Let us," said She.
"On plan of action best agree.
"Here on this globe let us map out
"Each field of battle, every rout."

"Route, Mrs. Smash'em," Teddy said.

Said She, "You go an' bag your head!
"My English may be off, I own,
"But I make hist'ry when I stone!
"Good old Queen Bess didst frightful spell,
"But at reforming rung the bell!
"And I'm like Bess! I am but dirt,
"But, thrown fierce at joints, I hurt!
"With your consent I shall recruit
"Bold female band and level, loot,
"Annihilate, these dens that sell
"And broadcast spread foul slop of hell!
"I am the Lamb of God, I ween!
"I am a moral magazine!
"No muzzle-loader, but clean Krag

"Improved to yank shot in each jag!
"I am a two-edged flaming sword
"And my commission's from the Lord!
"I'll show these bloated, bum galoots
"That I'm no two-spot, bet your boots!
"I ain't no preacher, thank the Lord,
"But rap rum devil on the gourd!
"He is smooth people, but you'll see
"He'll cut no ice when I'm cut free!
"Old Nick's a lulu, I'm aware,
"But sneaks when I leak out for bear!"

Thus Toothless Teddy: "I approve
"Full Sister Smash'em's outlined move.
"Best way to surely civilize
"Is rum and rogues to pulverize.
"Long since so said Toledo Blade,
"But still's increased vile liquor trade.
"That seems to prove, I proud confess,
"Herculean force of pious press.
"Let Sister Carrie liquor level;
"I shall subdue damned martial devil.
"And yet, methinks—suggest, of course—
" 'Twere wisdom to unite our force.
"There's strength in union. Keep in hand
"Compact about you your command.
"Then cut 'er loose! Jeehosseyfat!
"The foe soon don't know where they're at!
"That, Mr. Chairman, was wise way
"In bloody Cuba I at bay
"Massed powers kept. O, how I thrill
"When thinking of San Choo-an hill!
"Queen Mary, fixed up to depart,
"Declared they'd find 'graved on her heart
"Calais. In great big, Gothic type
"On mine's Choo-an!"

"The time seems ripe,"
Observed the chair, "to formulate
"How these reforms shall ambulate.
"Here in this map let us stick pins;
"So proper each just war begins.
"So Bonaparte with pins and maps

"Marked out his celebrated scraps,
"And he, I take it, we may find
"Most fit to follow."

"I'm inclined
"To think it best to follow me!"
So Toothless Teddy said, said he.

"And I," said Carrie, "have no doubt
"My plans best suit both siege and scout,
"Field and foray."

"Then I advise,"
Remarked sage chair, "fair compromise.
"I order you, you'll order She,
"And She shall order all the three.
"That's Upton and besides, to boot,
"Comports with tactics signed by Root,
"Who as bold warrior is so strong
"As Pink-Tea Sampson Nelson Long.

"To details now let's wise proceed:
"Each, first of all, must have swift steed.
"And, Toothless Ted, I would suggest,
"For you rhinoceros were best.
"Not only is he strong, but seek
"All o'er wide world, what's so unique?
"Then see his pedigree? His chain
"Ancestral reaches back to Cain,
"Far prouder record for your mount
"Than that of nee Gould's no-account.
"And Mrs. Smash'em sure should go
"Best straddling shaggy buffalo.
"That animal is tough and large,
"Swift in retreat, fierce in mad charge.
"With tail erect, head near the ground,
"How he could scatter joints around!
"And if on march were dearth of meat,
"He'd come in handy for to eat.
"Thus he an engine military
"Might join with grace the commissary.
"True, rugged bison's back is not
"In all the world the softest spot,

"But Mrs. Smash'em, being fat
"And chubby, makes up well for that.
"Huge elephants were long ago
"Employed in war by Scipio
"And Hannibal, strong precedent
"Sustaining plan I represent.
"Great Wolsey meek rode milk-white ass;
"The same should suit Sir Hannabras,
"Who holds one's transport should agree
"With him, or match 'im, mentally.
"Thin bike fiend curving till spare spine
"Describes artistic beauty's line,
"Seems of swift wheel responsive part
"All ribs and things—sum of fine art.
"I am convinced the arms we use
"Should cut wide swath and also bruise.
"With ax and hatchet for assault
"On beer and such I find no fault;
"In fact, ideal are, I think,
"To slaughter legioned, demon drink;
"But, since foul upas we'd uproot
"And crush the cursed carnal fruit,
"We must have guns and dynamite
"To shoot and blast crime out of sight.
"Few things surpass the culverin
"When raging hotfoot after sin,
"And nothing speaks to conscience louder
"Than grim gallows, or gunpowder.
"The voice of God's unheard, so quiet
"Beside loud-bellowing rage of riot.
"And touching prayer? It moves no more
"Than zephyr low when Dantons roar."

"Allow one word: What sort of hat?"
'Twas Smash'em's voice. "What, sir, of that?"

"What sort you please," replied the chair;
"One, or one dozen, or head bare.
"However—but I just assume—
"Fair lady might prefer large plume.
"Prim Puritans, who nasal whined,
"Wore hats with metal circlets lined.
"They put their trust in Him and prayer,

"Yet thought it best to guard their hair,
"Shield poorer holding Him on high
"Than pewter pills and powder dry.
"Elizabeth flew forth to fight
"Arrayed in armor argent, bright;
"D'Arc, both prey and pride of France,
"In field and prison put on pants.
"And Smash'em may, we might suppose,
"Keep on her bifurcated clothes.
"Firm, fork-ed garment seems to me
"Far, far superior and more free
"Than skirts, or tilters, or gauze things
"Sweet Tottie flares out when she flings
"Her limber legs high up in air
"And makes bald-headed lobsters stare.
"As Smash'em on Her stallion sets
"She'd likely rip Her pantalets;
"Hence, it is best—one of the boons—
"To plant Her pins in pantaloons
"Of lead or leather, which turn rain
"And stand intact terrific strain.
"But costumed neat, or naked, nude,
"Is less important point than food;
"For belly-timber fine, or coarse,
"Props soul and stomach, foot and horse.
"Napoleon's snow-bound legions died
"And froze because they'd nothing fried,
"Nor baked, nor boiled. We'll have no luck
"If skimped is sanctity or chuck.
"We can't expect choice victuals hot,
"Nor smoking birds with gelid bot;
"But is it vain to hope for ripe
"Limburger, pumpernickel, tripe?
"We must not trust in raven route
"Us to supply with kitchen fruit.
"We"—

"Need no more to talk of fare."
Broke Smash'em in. "Through fervid prayer
"The Lord through Me will us supply
"Food when we're hungry, drink when dry.
"Cut out debate! Let us away!
"Inert, I starve for saintly fray.
"When early morn dyes red yon east

"Let each one praying mount his beast
"And us, firm phalanxed, loudly yell,
"Besieging Satan's citadel.
"This first attack should be rough rout
"To smoke Sunflower weasels out.
"Then let us, saints, begin attack
"On towers tall of tamarac.
"Quixotic deed keep in your eye
"As brave you battle, dare, do, die!
"Let no one mean his duty shirk,
"But all get in their deadly work,
"Each of us here, each ready raider,
"Beneath His cross, like old Crusader!
"Let's now prepare. Talk here no more.
"Let us now groom fierce brutes of war!"

And so they did. Ere matin light,
All cap-a-pie, armed strong but slight,
Massed dread they stood. So awful, still,
Plugs stout of Harold faced Duke Bill.
Parkhurst exhorted long and prayed
The Lord to bless quick-coming raid.
He told them His Son died to save;
That glory watched by martyr's grave;
That in such cause 'twere life to die;
That blood so shed did sanctify;
That heaven brightly they'd illumine
Chanced they to fall—go up the flume;
That honor hoary grateful decks
Prized spots where braves pass in their checks;
That in the Frohman's of each age
They'd hold the center of famed stage;
That they in marble, paint and brass,
Lights incandescent and in gas,
Should live immortal and be blest
World without end among the best;
That none should, save himself alone,
Stand in so with, or share, His throne.

Concluding prayer, blest Parkhurst flew
With shrinking modesty from view,
The valiant saints, with zeal afire,
Withdrawing, singing, to retire.

IMMEDIATE ATTACK ARRESTED.

How true tho' God or man proposes,
Fair woman in the end disposes!

You saw conferring council fix
How with crime's monsters best to mix;
'Twas planned to drop, as plain you saw,
Next morn clean knockout on sin's jaw;
But all in vain.

Dun, breaking day
His nightcap gemmed had tossed away,
Some few stars loitering in sight
Like rounders loafing two-thirds tight,
When Camp Reform, so called by Her,
Got up, yawned, prayed, and buzzed astir.
Soon, from trim tents, blue, curling smoke
Of meals preparing plainly spoke,
For vapor circling lazy there
Infected morn with smells of fare
In caldrons cooking. Odors thick
Made rosy dawn look pale and sick;
Such were strange scents some journalists,
Contorted through convulsive twists,
Prodigious puking added some
To Camp Reform's effluvium,
A fact reporters seized with zest
To point profane full many a jest,
One wretch abandoned, with a sneer,
Remarking, "These saints smell so queer!"
Reporters zigzagged through rank camp
Like insects swarming 'round foul lamp.
Time heavy dragged: still showed no sign
Of troops preparing for thin line;
Reporters, wondering, sauntering swore
Reform-camp life contagious bore,
Time killing jesting, roasting, thinking,
Eating, growling, gambling, drinking.
At last, behold, there fluttered loose

O'er Carrie's tent strange flag of truce.
 It no resemblance peaceful bore
 To any other truce of war;
 But fork-ed stream'd out in smart wind.
 At bottom of each length were twined
 Embroidered ruffles and stout string
 To Carrie to secure the thing.
 With wind distending flag, the whole
 Stuck puffed-out from supporting pole,
 One part especial very soon
 Broad hinting gas-bag dubbed balloon.
 Short legs suggested sewer-pipes;
 Flag's color oft you see in snipes
 In cities large rescued by toughs
 For cigarettes, cigars and snuffs
 Consumed by swells, and dainty maid
 Of faintest fume of filth afraid.
 One pencil-pusher, pert and pale,
 Said, "It may mean she'll give leg-bail."
 Another: "Plainly aunty sets
 "New pace for cotton panty-lets."
 Another still: "Let swift be shot
 "Base wretch who'd stain it with a spot!"
 And still another: "Let it wave,
 "Pure ensign of the broad and brave!"
 And so they tittered and they laughed
 Like lyric hero reckoned daft;
 But silent, awed, soon stood, salt tears
 Supplanting jests, haw-haws and jeers;
 For Carrie threw to them this sheet,
 "War Order No. 1" complete:
 "My Co-Commanders, Troops and Train:
 "This long delay, producing pain,
 "Retarding action this first day,
 "Fills me with woe, but not dismay.
 "I am too old, too stern and tough
 "To be upshot by one rebuff.
 "We've met disaster, it is true,
 "But we'll repair it and pull through,
 "Or else, so sure as me you trust,
 "You'll see this camp her biler bust!
 "This, then, disaster sad and sore:
 "I've wrecked them corsets that I wore!

"Bought at Topeka bargain sale,
"I thought and prayed they'd never fail.
"But testing them severe last night
"They went to pieces—are a sight!
"Hence, it is ordered, you must rest
"Till this disaster is redressed;
"Or, till such time as it may take
"Me to another pair to stake.
"My Co-Commanders, you will read
"This order first and make all heed
"What I have writ. Put here a pin:
"I'll be obeyed—have discipline."

Short missive quaint, clear, firm, but kind,
Was not by its brave author signed,
Nor was it written as you've seen,
But issued dark in cipher green.
Apt rendering above was made
By Hannabras, who soon displayed
Outside his tent, upon oak board
Supported by his trusty sword.
The dreadful news, which like keen dart
Pierced poignantly each hero's heart.
Each brave commander, every chief,
Was doubled up with griping grief;
Full many wept; some with loud cries
Assailed high-towering, concave skies;
Some, such their sorrow, so they raged,
The ground they gnawed and fierce engaged
With demijohns; some could be seen
In clamorous crowds besiege canteen;
One hero huge, pride of that host,
In anguish yielded up the ghost.

As often happens, rumors spread
And, being false, like lightning sped
To this effect: Some dastard stole
Into Her tent and didst unroll
From Her Her corsets as She lay
And made with them hotfoot away,
Her brain benumbing with occult,
Hypnotic passes. No insult
Of deeper dye was offered when

With impious hand the scum of men
Tore from chaste temple's walls, inert
In innocence, next thing to shirt.

By such reports and rye inflamed
One stalwart soldier fierce declaimed:
"My Veteran Friends: A dastard deed,
"Perhaps performed by miscreant Swede,
"For vengeance through these leafy halls
"Vociferous, vehement bawls!
"To arms! To arms! Let no one flinch!
"The hell-hound let us catch and lynch!"

Agreeable to valor's voice,
Of all vast army flew first choice
Tumultuous to bag wild beast
And category him Deceased.
Sir Hannabras detesting rout,
Awhile danced wildly 'round about;
Then on his trumpet blew such blast
That even dead men stood aghast.
He blew again and yet again,
Arresting stampede of the men,
Who, well trained, knew it meant retreat,
Advance, or vict'ry or defeat.
Fatigued and sobered, slow the host
Returned to zeal-deserted post
Where, inward pleased, She, with dark frown,
Stentorian thus dressed 'em down:

"Accursed Caitiffs! Limbs of Hell!
"Despite your oaths you half rebel!
"Away each rascal mother's son,
"But one who led, the vagabun!"

She him, exampling, on the spot
Had perforated, heeding not
Appeals from Teddy, who'd resigned
But for his peaceful pose of mind.

Her loss and Hotspur's bloody doom
Invested so the camp with gloom
That none on guard to sleep could sink;

They little did but damn and drink,
Which is far wisest way to make
Up for disaster and mistake.
Intoxication oft preserves
Peace public, numbing flighty nerves;
But sometimes drunkenness perverse
Works singular exact reverse.
But reason tells you, people dead
To all the world are like good bread,
No harm inflicting. Rye and rum
Also some clacking shes make dumb.
If more got drunk so, why, of course,
Far fewer men would beg divorce.

From what's been penned and what's been heard
Some have erroneous inferred
Her Holy War, so it's best known,
Was fought out fierce by chiefs alone.
We, like most writers of renown,
Disdaining privates, but put down,
Or outline, and that very brief,
Important actions of each chief.
Plain private soldiers, powder food,
Should thank their stars wars have ensued
To honor men with chance of death.
O, what rare boon to yield last breath
For country's flag, or fighting live
For lavish monthly drib they give!

Here your Macaulay must retard
More yet war's action through regard
For Nation's Chief, who sudden rode
On giant charger to abode
Of peerless Smash'em. Her he found
Within Her tent upon the ground,
Root's book of tactics in left hand.
Mac vowed he'd come to cheer Her band
Of gallant souls and say: "God-speed
"All here prepared to battle, bleed,
"Booze to abate—this ball to bathe
"In flowing grace from Him to save!
"Canteen accursed, feeding lust,
"May you successful, Smash'em, bust!

"On, Christian soldiers! Bear your shields!
"Or on them borne be from fame's fields!"

Next on the grass fraternal fell
Host holy wrapped in prayer a spell;
His Excellency next they speed
With drink to cheer, fine food to feed.
With relish dining, him She fed,
Him urging on to gorge. Fine spread
Profuse was fit to proudly spring
On count, or court, or combine king.
When nearing walnuts, horrid yell
Ear-splitting and dismaying fell,
Wigs turning gray.

Why shocking sound
Shrill every soldier awful bound
Must now perplex. In section three
Where conflict sole's what you may see,
Appropriate your annalist
May pull aside thick veil of mist
Sound's cause or face concealing.

Now

We'll full report sad, fatal row
Between two privates loving so
Their fair friend, yet their lethal foe.
Few but themselves and She, their queen
Of broken hearts and heads, didst ween
How mad they yearned. Their passion, pride
And prowess led not to fair bride,
But dread duello, whence fell each,
Both double-leaded like poor speech
Committees pay, and pay dang'd dear,
Ad. rates, or more, to have appear
Appealingly to mobs and packs
Of Toms and Dicks and Joes and Jacks,
Who frequent vote—some trickster name—
Exult and cheer; then slave the same.
Each vital candidate 's by rule
Self-seeking, cringing, corporate tool
Controlled by lobbies, to whom bows
Now senate grave, then windy house.

One duelist so bold was slight
And yclept Snash, most worthy wight
Who fought spectacular the scrap
Porkopolis abroached to tap.
One ball thin-flattened on hard skull
With vast reforming projects full,
Which fact some scribblers, for a joke,
Said proved Snash head was teak or oak.
Base scoundrels! E'en the honored tomb,
In sacred silence wrapped and gloom,
Satiric skunks, putrescent pests,
Subject to pseudo-scathing jests.
But aimed exact, one bellic ball
Pierced noble heart. Then what a fall!
Ohio fluttered like struck bird
And fell aswoon when news she heard.
Hands tender placed salts 'neath her nose,
But it was ten days ere she rose;
Then pale in trance she mooned about,
Oft crying sad, "Didst Snash fan out?"

The other party to the duel
We'll merely say got good his gruel.

Wrecked corsets, execution, fight
And portents dark, excited fright
With sorrow mingled, when instead
Joy should have reigned and fire red
And white and blue ascended up
To prove how full ecstatic cup;
For was not William, Wisdom, there,
Prize statesman sage, with them to share
Brief, it is true, some precious time
Snatched from high task? So much of crime
And grief converging at that hour
Might well have made those Cromwells cower,
But braced anew with strands of steel
Her stanch resolve through gore for weal
Of states to conquer.

Each fierce fellow
Done to death in dread duello,
Interred they not, but sold for stuff

To medics, getting quite enough
To corsets buy. Sometimes base wrong
Befriends best right. We pass along:
So able speakers often say
When they've diverged from windy way,
Or interjected flowery clause,
Or flight, with little or no cause,
Unlike Great George, whose farewell speech
Composite shall time's deathbed reach.

Before departing for his home,
All-Wisdom William bowed his dome
Of massive mind, whilst Parkhurst prayed
That Mac and He wouldst bless each raid.
In all that host each eye was wet
When William said:

“Friends, you are met
“All men to comfort, most to save—
“The Russell Sage, the siren, slave.
“It noble is, it dims mine eyes,
“To see you start to sacrifice
“Yourself to duty for to skin
“Mad monsters and blind moles of sin.
“Full many a house in sorrow broods
“In village, city, solitudes,
“Through tears ascending many a prayer
“That He may guide you, guard and spare.
“You have my blessing. Hasten soon
“Millennium! Good-afternoon.”

ARRESTING ACCIDENTS ACCUMULATE.

His Wiseness, with large body-guard,
Not one so bearded as the pard,
But ladies fair, some, it was plain,
To suffer soon maternal pain,
Departed, sutlers, chieftains, troops,
Tumultuous releasing whoops.
Pain mixed with pleasure, joy with grief
Commingle, as departed Chief
Executive, whose spine 's so stiff
As lignum-vitae, or dried withe

Of Hick'ry Jackson. O, that spine
Of every ruler were like thine,
Immortal William! Virtue, wit
And wisdom count far less than grit.

Proud pageant had it lingered, soon
Had seen on high huge war-balloon
Conveying troops, supplies and Krag's
To slaughter high-balls, fizzes, jags.
In basket, steering with wise care
That precious monster puffed with prayer,
Toiled Pious John, whose bargain store
Is lit with light from that bright shore
Celestial, where Ariel
And Beecher and some others dwell,
And nectarous streams invite to swin
Voluptuous, chaste seraphim.
Descending slow that sacred ball,
With John, aerial admiral,
Profoundly awed. Deep hush held sway;
And tense, as when they taxes pay,
Stood gazers there till awful sight
That whole push petrified with fright.
There fully up six hundred feet
Vast warship shattered and with meat,
Tobacco, oysters, lardoil, jugs,
Flew Pious John and all the mugs
In all directions.

Fatal tear,
Gas letting out and in cold air,
Proved later wisdom of this line:
A stitch in time, son, saveth nine.
It was discovered that a shift,
Used as a patch, was tampered with
By wretch so vile Old Nick, the sire
Of mortal sin, refused him fire,
Declaring hotly he'd no place
To proper punish such hard-case,
Hell's fittest broiler being crammed
With double-faced reformers damned,
Saints opulent who steal all week,
But Sunday, long-faced, sour, sleek,
To church repair, but drudging then

For them perhaps full thousand men,
As if serfs toiling, who so slave,
Had nothing like saints' souls to save.
It soothes, brings joy, to b'lieve that He
Such saints shalt damn eternally.
In church impurity they tear,
But soon thereafter some repair
To Paphian chambers. With your paints
Complete true portraits of such saints.

Recovering somewhat, long train
With eager woe rushed o'er the plain
And climbed up trees to fasten on
The mutilated chunks of John,
The sacred fragments mourners all
Preserving sweet in alcohol,
Or drying, or cremating, so
Down through all ages they should go
Authenticated in blest state
Like snacks of saints long consecrate.
One Amazon, stout volunteer,
Wild wailing watered John's right ear
With such vast floods she made hosts get
In frantic haste in out the wet.
Another maid poured saline woes
Upon John's flattened, faithful nose
Like mashed tomato. Tufts of hair
Seen floating in the ambient air
Were caught in nets; so certain wise
Bugologists take butterflies.
Sad Smash'em good, all begged to take
Rare, very choicest sainted stake.
Sweet scrap She took, in locket placed,
E'er after nursed She on Her chaste
Maternal bosom.

'Mong' refuse,
Rich recrement, sowed so profuse,
Rare cameo in gore wast found,
Carnegie's features on it ground.
Through woful camp the finder spread
The news which, like the smallpox dread,
Brought sore dismay, all being sure
Good Andrew didst no more endure.

But Mr. Tesla, chancing by,
Let, wireless, short message fly
To Andy. After brief delay
Came this reply: "Well. Making hay."
Then all returned to their last woe,
Poor, scattered John, who loved them so,
To honor whom they raised huge pile
Of drygoods ends in latest style.
Firm base of shaft, sunk far below
Cold earth, wast made of calico;
Above the plinth, made of percale,
Were satin squares, in which with bale
His epitaph, in Scotch and Greek,
Was stitched. Camp stricken full one week
Consumed to fitting honors pay
John's remnants, his poor canned-up clay.
Which through bequest is doomed to stage
'Long trails of time from age to age.
This one line of his burial song:
"His prayers were short, his yards were long."
So killed, so wept, so buried, blest.
So honored, sleeps he, endless rest
With fame undying coming when
He reached his zenith bright.

Two men
Were seen approaching at fast pace
Soon after John had quit the place
And had ascended through deep sighs
Of faithful friends to Paradise.
The riders, racing parsons were
Who'd come with gone John to confer
About pledged coin without alloy
To spread "glad tidings of great joy."
They said, and it was not denied,
'The coin was his who first didst ride
Into the camp and John present
The last-revised New Testament.
Deep was loud grief of saintly pair;
They called for victuals, tore their hair;
And vowed no more beneath pale moon
Should Pious Johns ride in balloon.
They sad recalled how Christ rode slow
Upon an ass near Jericho

And hinted tearful that through pride
John—God forgive him!—might have died.
They close inquired if no will,
No testament, no codicil,
Had been discovered. Had none seen
Gold, checks, or bills, fall on the green?
They did not think, they said, the Lord
Could Pious John's death well afford.
'Twas sad at least that He should call
And take John to Him then, when all,
Or almost all—each parson, cure,
And all His servants—were so poor.
Some absolutely had no meat,
They said, for God's sake for to eat;
Some lacking means had to endure
Plain duty—couldn't make long tour
For three or six months every year
When heat or cold at home's severe.
Some bishops even had to dine,
So poor they were, without good wine.
But riders hung hope on this peg:
Carnegie lived—they'd pull his leg.
And so, hope propping up despair,
One spurred his horse, one lashed his mare,
As forth they sped.

Smash, stiffly braced,
In tough new corsets strongly laced,
This order issued: "When loud horn
"Of Hannabras tomorrow morn
"Hear ye echo clarion, shrill,
"Awaking valley, hamlet, hill,
"Arise and pray, cook, eat and arm
"For war and conquest."

No alarm,
But joy Her manifesto wrought,
So martial camp in deed and thought.
Ere break of day, when troops all slept
And sent'nels even, slowly crept
Across wide plain long train of vans
With Armour-bull-beef in tin cans
For Camp Reform. That nourishment
So tender, pure, so succulent,

Was, b'lieve it not or b'lieve it so,
Provided through Rus Sage's dough,
And not through purse of Carnegie,
Whose long suit is church-organ play,
Or gift of books, or church so fine
Poor souls stay out that rich may shine
With never fear they may be met
Or touched by jeans or taint of sweat.

Coarse, cursing teamsters, many a scamp
Full to the guards, when nearing camp
Awoke Her Smashness, e'er alert
For dangers ever prone to flirt
With gods of war. E'en maidens set
Their hearts on chevron, epaulet,
Rough-rider hats, gold-braid and stars
Affected so by sons of Mars.
Sir Teddy, when afoot or horse,
Oft nearly wast seduced by force.
His manly beauty, martial charm,
The coldest virtue didst disarm.
So vicious for him women raged,
At last She had the hero caged
And hauled about upon a dray
And ne'er released except when fray
Fierce ran amuck.

Strong Smash'em strode
About instructing how unload
Kind Russell's ready, rare relief
Of stocks and bonds as well as beef.
Rus sat, himself, upon first wain,
Right hand on brake, the left yanked rein.
When he saw Her his hat he waved
And cried, "We've come and all are saved!
"Put down," he yelled, "the cursed juice
"That gives men jim-jams and the blues!
"I've come to join you! Lend what aid
"I can to this renowned crusade.
"My wealth is small, but I'll go broke
"To help you, Smash'em, pelt and choke
"The Demon Rum!"

A Bedlam cheer
Arose and rent the atmosphere

As Carrie fell on Sage's breast
And swooned for joy. She clutched and pressed
With grip so tight as strangler death,
Obstructing greatly Russell's breath.
Sir Hannabras, filled with dismay,
Rushed in and broke Her from Her prey.
Rus, grateful for his rescue, gave
A quarter to his savior brave,
Who tender stretched Her on the ground,
Where salts and water brought Her 'round.

Rus was assigned the left to lead,
High honor tendered for the feed
Through perils countless timely brought
Through hostile canyons. Little thought
Those bustling legions that ere night
Disastrous woes wouldst swoop, alight,
Upon that philanthropic head,
Him leaving numbered with the dead.
But mystic fate was even then
Prepared to crush that prince of men.
Thus fell damned blow: Rus, careless, sat
Upon the edge of deep, wide vat,
Wherein he fell and ne'er arose,
Nor could be rescued. Such his close;
So, bravely rushing into strife
For homes and Him, gave he his life.

Historic pages teem with praise
Exalting men of ancient days,
But in all annals no such page
As that recording deeds of Sage.
Sleep, peerless hero! Dead, yet us
You honor nobly. Rest well, Rus!

Each act in war so swift succeeds,
None but most vital, daring deeds
May chosen be from swirling crowd
To do this faulty record proud.
Hence, it may seem to those who scan
This page, imperfect is our plan;
Whilst not in us, but in wild flux
Of fearsome facts, behold lame ducks.

How many volumes strive to hold
Napoleon's history, half untold?
How many Grant's? How many Lee's?
How, then, in God's name, people, please
In lines four thousand all who yearn
Each detail of this war to learn?
We simply mean to give in brief,
As we have given, actions chief—
An outline merely, without art,
Or plot to dovetail part to part.

Four days and nights they didst consume
To Russell honor'bly entomb;
Then, all impatient, Hannabras
Declared at once the Alps they'd pass;
So all that mighty host and She
Pushed off their craft and put to sea,
On which, as few of them could swim,
They felt and knew their chances slim.
But, water smooth and heaven fair,
All working each nerve to get there,
They soon arrived. Along the beach,
So far as telescope could reach,
They saw armed hosts and down black throats
Of guns with bores big 'round as shotes.
The place, called Freetown on the map,
To capture plainly was no snap.
It was vile center of all glee
And games linked with iniquity;
A hub from which each sinful spoke
Wide far extended. Pipe-fiend, moke,
Barflies and touts and every kind
And sex of vice were there confined,
The city making cursed spot
As that abandoned once by Lot,
And which the saints then hoped to sink.
In town large force Sir Hinky Dink
Commanded sole. From early youth
War was his trade; in very truth
He was Gus Caesar in disguise.
His sword, not pull, had pushed his rise
To that proud height whereon he stood.
His people called him fond, "The Good."

So France dubbed Louis, who ne'er warred
With such success as when he whored.
Sir Dink, in every virtue ripe,
Was chieftain wise of highest type
Suggesting Cromwell, or brave foes
There in vast fleet him to oppose.
Sir Hinky, though so tried and great,
Their prowess did not underrate,
But said: "Boys, this here bumboat crew,
"You'll find is no soft snap to do.
"They may be lobsters, right enough,
"But they're a proposition tough.
"But, you'll soon see, confound their souls!
"I'll make 'em howling hunt their holes!"

Bums' raucous roar, from thirsty throats
Bawled out, reached far remotest boats
Upon wide sea, but didn't jar
With fear one solitary tar.

So stood faced forces. Those ashore
Were full as hot for hideous war
As those who looked up confident
To chiefs of that grand armament.
Night settled down o'er land and sea;
Fate poised his lance; Hell danced in glee.

SIR HANNABRAS.

SECTION THREE.

FIGHTS TO A FINISH.

Disturbance starts; upon deep main,
In air, in wood, in vale, on plain,
Grim-visaged war swims, flies and glows
Bestowing wealth, inflicting woes;
Appearing in God's dual form,
War sheds kind sunshine, hurls dread storm.

THE COLOSSI IN CONFLICT.

Majestic Sol, apt bathed in gore,
Arose next morn, rose-tinting shore,
Sea motionless, mute fleet, Sir Dink
And sky, late atramentous ink.
When Pym's decreed false Stuart's head
Should fall, stern Bradshaw sat in red;
So son of Coelus that sad morn
In flaming scarlet didst adorn
His face, his torso, legs and feet;
He blazed sky's cardinal complete.

Soon, from fleet silent, shot toward shore
Shell slender sweeping graceful o'er
Lake roseate. In scallop sat,
Defiant plumes fierce in Her hat,
Hot Semiramis of Mark's fleet;
In steel attired to Her feet
Smooth liquid way She shark-like ploughed,
Her head erect, Her bearing proud.
Near shore She stopped, sniffed, blew Her nose;
Then through gold trumpet blew: "My Foes,

"Or Friends: In this hand hold I Peace;
"From this I may Red War release.
"This dove I offer." Typic bird
Let loose flew straight for Hinky's herd
Of shaggy cattle, when baseball
From Hinky's gun pierced Peace. Then all
His varlet minions danced and howled.
Stern Semiramis darkly scowled
And hot defiance through Her teeth
Threw thus upon that dastard chief:
"Spawn base of hell! You two-spot! Deuce!
"You big stiff, soon I'll cook your goose!"

His gang yelled "Rats!" His sole reply:
Turned to his pals and winked left eye.

Resuming, She: "I did expect
"To shell and see your Stenchtown wrecked;
"But mercy once more stays my hand;
"I'd spare the weak ones in your band—
"All women, children, helpless, old;
"I cannot kill such in blood cold.
"Hence, make this proposition fair:
"I'll fight you, monster, on great Square
"In your vile town! And if I win,
"Then, citizens, won't you shun sin?"

Sir Dink accepting, She shot back
To full prepare him to attack,
She stipulating, pactum said,
One who first fell should lose a head.
In vain Her council pleaded, prayed,
Her from rash action to dissuade.
Her word was pledged and She would scrap;
And, so, that was the end of that.

With Teddy, Hannabras and more
Than six ship-loads She went ashore,
Parkhurst along to comfort give
Her dying, should She cease to live.
Sir Dink and She marched brave abreast
To Stenchtown's Square. Behind thick pressed
Tried troops, tars, rabble, painted punk,

Sir Hinky's legions largely drunk
And banners bearing saying She
No better was than ought to be.

At Square arriving, there mixed stood
Massed all around dense multitude
Expectant, clamorous, profane—
Mob howling, shouting, half-insane—
Far greater part first-pick and pink
Of dregs enlisted under Dink,
Who, being challenged, might have had
The choice of arms, but was too glad
He frank averred to gallant waive
His right in favor of Her brave.
She favor vowed right knightly act
Displaying chivalry and tact,
And offered him Her cheek to kiss;
He said, "Not now; excuse me, miss,"
Refusal costing dreadful dear.
With care selected She long spear.
A varlet handed Dink his tool;
A herald read each stringent rule;
A squad of cops wheeled in the Square;
A crowd of dips worked everywhere.
A roped enclosure kept rough rout
And all but needed helpers out.
At last, arrangements being made,
Each warrior fearless, undismayed,
Sought sedulous to sock sharp spear
In eye, or mouth, or paunch, or ear,
Or any place to stab slight hole
To let in death, let out brave soul.

Sir Dink's fine form, in tights dyed cream,
Was what in Freetown's called a dream.
He poked composed, or quite so tame
As one may prod at such hot game.
Dink's shoes were gums. His noble head
Was graced with turban green and red.
She wore Her week-day scrapping gear,
Full bloomer costume one could hear
At least a block. Behind and fore
She showed more bulk—a great deal more—

Than Hinky Dink, who, though so slim,
Had speed and vinegar and vim.
But though She thrust with action slow,
She warded well, true landed blow;
In fact, before five minutes passed
'Twas plain Sir Hinky was outclassed.
But he stood game; he never flinched,
Not even when She had him cinched;
But waded in, and many a punch
Gave Carrie near Her place for lunch.
At last She slew him with swift stroke;
"I will!" last words he faintly spoke.
She head removing, his base scum
Their vow forgot. Tout, punk and bum
Rushed in the ring, whence Hannabras
And Teddy in his socks of brass,
With Park., reformer grand and good,
Successful all attacks withstood,
She superhuman aiding. Grape
And bloody murder, rage and rape
Swept low doomed town. Left were no souls
To pensions draw to make deep holes
In treasury, that fat retreat
For pension sharks. Thence, all complete
Their noble work, the troopers proud,
Long, pious hymns acclaiming loud,
Embarked. They left nor branch nor bud
Of Freetown, whose name now is mud,
An outcast men in holy horror
Reville like Sodom and Gomorrah.
Much loot was saved, and some saints brought
Off female natives they had caught
And saved from ravage to be tamed
And for their goodness to be famed.
Young, handsome ones alone were saved;
Saints slew the rest. Plain drabs depraved
Fare ever hard when Mars, with sons,
Lands, towns and cities overruns.
Fair captives Carrie to baptize
Caged down below, so carnal eyes
Should from temptation be kept quite
So clean as rose or lily white—
So pure as parson whom desire

Ne'er even thaws, and could not fire;
Chaste cloth with beauty's safer far
Than in seraglios eunuchs are.

With captives, loot and coin galore,
With joy drew navy from raped shore.
North steaming fast away they went,
For rank Hell's Haven sanguine bent,
Sir Hannabras in full control,
The Lord neglecting to unroll
His will to Her, who never fought
Unless to Her His plans He brought.
It seemed, so Hannabras mature,
In every enterprise dead-sure,
Declared to them in his ship's poop,
Best thing to do was land brave troop
At Hell's headquarters. There one blow
Well landed would destroy damned foe,
Full monster jug kept by a clam
Long in crime's business—Uncle Sam.
"Break monster jug," said Hannabras,
"And we've done much to bring to pass
"Millennium, for which we all
"Inflict this war and on Him call.
"Jug shatter first; then, troops, from me
"Secure you each large subsidy;
"And lastly, with Sir Teddy here
"Peace crown on each wide hemisphere;
"And then forever shalt endure
"On earth bright heaven joyous, pure!
"First, break fell jug; next, all enrich;
"Then, final, Mars to Tophet pitch.
"Such I, commanding, stern decree!
"I, Lord of Senates, Land and Sea!"

Scarce had he finished, when with awe
Monster marine, sea serp., they saw
Approaching fleet. His scaly crest
In bloody-red and green was dressed.
He undulated many a mile;
He roared horrific all the while
Swift coming on, his tail erec'
And in dim distance but dark spec.

His jaws distended wide displayed
Fangs that long ton each must have weighed.
When all, but one, with fear then white
And chattering jaws, loud counseled flight,
Sir Teddy rose. He said, "Watch me!"
Then fearless leaped on serp a-sea!
The Smash'em praying: "Lord, come down!
"Don't let fond hope of nations drown!
"O help us, Lord! Do, for my sake!
"But if You can't, don't help the snake!
"Who is, I'm sure—in fact, I'll swear—
"None other than Chicago's mayor!"

The simple fact, up later dug,
Proved monster owner of fell jug.

Full many fights on earth's been seen,
In air, on land, on sea pea-green;
But ne'er, since England was mere pup,
Was seen such naval rip-all-up.
Sometimes brave knight would prod atop
Vast scaly dragon; then fierce flop
Would yank Ted under. Oft the two
Would gouging sink down deep from view.
Arising as one piece they'd lash—
The foaming sea terrific thrash,
And oftentimes cried Teddy tough,
"Ding dang your hide! Lay on, McDuff!"
The monster then, hot in the press,
Would say—he talked—: "Well, I guess yes!"
On savage serp sat Ted astride
As firm as if glued on his hide,
Through which he drilled an orifice
Preceding awful sacrifice.
In hole so made Ted tamp'd huge charge
Of dynamite. To cartridge large
He wire fixed and threw it fast
Up to the top of mizzen-mast
Of flag-ship proved. Then nimble leap
Brought him to ship proud on the deep.
Awhile the monster as if tied
Nosed 'round to see what ailed his side,
Time opportune the threatened fleet

Employed to skin out with both feet.
When twelve or fifteen miles away,
They touched 'er off. The monster? Say!
They blew him up so high, like rain
In fragments fell he—fouled the main,
From which in boats the tars took in
Vast quantities to can in tin
To feed the fleet, whose toughest swore
They'd had no such canned beef before.
Deep they regretted Teddy, chief,
Could eat none through his lack of teeth.
He fared far better not on food,
But on high honors, gratitude,
On which they stuffed him many a night
And gorged his modest appetite,
Which, never strong, is now so weak
He fare of fame refuses meek.
However, doctors may restore
His appetite in four years more,
When some opine his tank may bear
Light bits of presidential fare.

Fell monster's doom, deserved-well fate,
Felicitous worked for the state,
Which from that moment ceased to be
Sin's partner in Rum's infamy.
So Carrie's part, her sacred trust,
Was all but done. Remained but lust,
Mere minor issue, for attack,
Annihilation, sword and sack
Accomplished swift, for they made law
To hang in chains, to quarter, draw,
Each male from time grand act was dated
Who was not well emasculated.
"That," so She said, and She said true,
"I'll put the blocks to much undue
"Familiar sin that now so vexes
"Vigorous saints of both warm sexes."

So lust and liquor at one dash
They sent to all eternal smash,
Two chief plagues rooting from the soil
With few prayers, but heroic toil,

Way paving for Sir Hannabras
To cinch his subsidies and mass
Abstainers with grand gelded horde
Deprived of parts to wound the Lord.
But ere he started in to work,
Parkhurst, profound as any Turk,
At leap-frog for a time below
With Freetown maids gave sacred show,
Lithe ladies dancing in the nude,
Or altogether, for him good,
He taking part, a-leaping o'er
As in New York he'd flew before—
He or his agents consecrate—
Sweet sisters frail to elevate.
It holy was there snug aship
To see him sacerdotal skip,
He, with his congregation there
Like Eve and Adam, almost bare,
Undraped and free, excepting clout
That he had wound his loins about.
Parkhurst is old and he is thin,
But nimble when leap-frogging sin
To grace put deeply in soft hearts
Of females erring. Some upstarts
And calloused rogues dared criticise
Because he'd so evangelize.
Yet he cared not, but, chanting deep
Some sacred song, again he'd leap.

So he aship, sweat on his face,
With zeal girls bringing close to grace,
Grave skipped and vaulted, when disaster
Played havoc with that punk and pastor.

One fairy caged up in the hold
Escaped and mingled brazen, bold,
Amongst the sailors, whom she sought
To bring to evil. Parkhurst caught
Quick onto her, so keen his scent
For live things frail and feculent.
Her he rebuked. With righteous force
He cautioned her, condemned her course,
She flippantly replying. Then,

For often wrath deranges men,
He seized her—shoved her down the hatch-
Way to rejoin the female batch,
Who, seeing him so rude her use,
And fearing he meant to seduce
Her then and there, flew like gaunt pack
Upon his front and on his back,
Him crushing like weak reed tramp'd down
Where hippopotami are 'roun'.
Then on him vixens turned the hose;
Whilst water flowed their mirth arose,
Attracting Hannabras, who flew
With troops to quell that hellish crew.
But they were bloods; fought tooth and nail
Against that aggregated male
Force massed in squadron, wedge and square
To them subdued. Yells filled the air;
Female apparel ripped and tore
Was scattered blood-stained on the floor;
The Amazonian mob a-shout,
Terrific great oaths screamed out;
They bit and scratched, and kicked and bawled
And with hot water sought to scald
Sir Hannabras, so bravely aided
By Teddyvelt, also near faded.
Ten soldiers killed and lots all maimed
Fierce valor of the cats proclaimed,
Who would have conquered, sure as fate,
Had Carrie not abandoned bait
And rushed cyclonic to the aid
Of Hannabras and brave brigade,
Whom She in nick of time didst save
From cruel death and watery grave.
Subdued, the leaders of revolt
Were ironed safe and fed on salt,
Stale water and hard, mouldy bread,
The cold, wet boards their only bed.
Such may seem stern, but we know well,
As Sherman said, that "War is hell!"
So ended mutiny. But, O!
We can't report so ended woe.
The usage Parkhurst underwent
Well nigh destroyed his fundament,

Which, till late day, it was declared,
Skill had but partially repaired.
He later preached to lambs and sheep
But ne'er but once more didst so leap.

With almost everything serene,
The fleet, led by wise Water Queen,
So named because it Carrie bore,
Moved swiftly on to carry war
Against great dragons, who of gold
Had piles and piles—their wealth untold.
These monsters with their glittering hoard
Sir Knight prepared to lure aboard,
He holding combine wealth to be
Foul, damnedest fruit of upas tree,
Which, he avowed, he'd cut and burn;
Or into useful touch-wood turn.
Sir Hannabras, who'd paid a pair
Of soldiers true to prove how rare
And brave he was to shrink from war,
Gold dragons sure would crush, he swore.
He'd show skunk monsters how to soil
The land with combines, Standard Oil,
And other scurvy schemes and stuff!
He'd take the monsters by the ruff
Of scaly necks and choke e'm blue!
In brief, whole dragon push he'd do.

He kept his word. No scoundrel he
To break faith with impunity;
Nor did he e'er, like certain curs,
To whom God's Good Book well refers,
In bank or mart rob shrewd all week,
Then Sunday sniv'ling pray. No sneak
Was he two-faced. He ne'er inclined
To poke his nose in dirt's behind
And then run 'round and pious yell,
"Good God! How rank men's morals smell!"
No dastard he to old men smite
Down to the earth, then cry that fight
In ringed arena is low crime.
He was no scum of that smooth slime
That clothes its black, malignant heart

With hypocritic, canting art
From general view, but can't escape,
Thank God, himself, his scoundrel shape.
'Tis joy to know some curs must dwell
For life within their own hearts' hell,
Their own guts gnawing. It is joy
To see disaster such destroy;
And it is joy to know that God
For them in pickle hath His rod,
For He detests smooth, two-faced skunk
More deeply far than painted punk.

Sir Hannabras resolved to bone
Chief monster single-hand, alone
In golden den where monster dwelt
With schemes the souls of toil to smelt,
Except on Sunday. Then he'd dress,
Appear in saintly chrysalis,
So meek, devout, you'd think least sin
Wouldst crack his ice-cold heart within.
He bow-legged, then appeared so pure,
His mutton-chops gray so demure,
Some wondered how it happened he
Could carnal e'er get progeny.
It seemed impossible such saint
With such frail things were e'er acquaint.

Sir Hannabras steered fleet so true
Chief dragon came full into view
In nick of time, as had been planned.
He left a-ship his faithful band
And went, as Carrie had before,
Defiant in canoe ashore,
This challenge hurling:

“Miscreant!

“Filth execrate! Beast feculent!

“I come and beard thee in thy den!

“Here challenge thee, in this, thy fen,

“To fight, you hell-hound, anywhere!

“On land, on sea, in hell, in air!

“Come on, louse-colored lobster! Come!

“You'll get what Paddy gave the drum!”

Thus crafty monster: "You, dear sir,
 "Have evident been duped to err.
 "I love all men. I have no use
 "For weak men's froth—absurd abuse.
 "Words are but vapor—less than air
 "Unless backed up by deeds, which are
 "Both soul and body, flesh and blood.
 "It pained me, sir, to hear vain flood—
 "Your mouth deluge—o'erflowing Nile.
 "Invective rant makes wisdom smile;
 "Or, sorrowing, drop pitying tear.
 "Unmoved, decorum wounds cold sneer.
 "Diplomacy, that royal art
 "That, warm embracing, stabs your heart,
 "Ne'er condescends to wag loose tongue
 "In candor or in caustic hung.
 "Conservative, as most wealth is,
 "I must not fight. Then, rheumatiz
 "Clings, cruciate curse. Besides, damned gout
 "Permits me scarce to go about.
 "But, if you please, let's compromise;
 "Wealth cannot safe antagonize
 "Itself, fair knight. Far better cheat
 "Blockhead consumers than compete;
 "For competition's death, not life;
 "Combine or crush to dust. In strife
 "But fools indulge. The wealthy wise,
 "Though frequent frauds, should fraternize.
 "So bankers do; and, hence, with ease
 "The lemon yellow constant squeeze.
 "Knight, let's be friends. Come in my house!
 "Come in and sup some. Try my grouse,
 "And let me, sir, present to you
 "My daughters. I am blest with two."

The knight beguiled was lured to set
 His feet secure in dragon's net,
 Wherein he'd perished hadn't She
 Keen, e'er alert for perfidy,
 Like other hero smelt a rat.
 She always knew where She was at.
 Arriving timely, breaking in,
 She saved the knight just by the skin

Of his ten teeth; for he to sup
His thirst to slake had raised gold cup
Of poisoned wine up to his lips,
Beside him sitting charming slips
Of dragon sirens, who, in truth,
'Twixt maiden bloom and budding youth,
Were fair enough to rouse within
Cold souls of saints warm mortal sin.
Rare goblet, gem of gold and pearl,
Colossal Carrie, good old girl,
With hatched smashed. She much surprised
That dragon push, and hypnotized
All on the island but Sir Knight.
Her magic art turned maidens bright
To hell-hags dread; but such Her charm
The hideous monsters could none harm.
They helpless, Hannabras and She
Foul dragon host yanked in salt sea.
The swag secured, full many a boat
Required was to safely tote
Prized stuff to fleet, where Carrie see 'em,
In joy for vict'ry, sing Te Deum.

And so through art, not agony,
Nor blood, nor awful mas-sa-cree,
Camp Croesus, festering with frauds,
Prime Pandars and commercial bawds,
Like Sodom legioned so with lust,
Wast taken, sacked and razed to dust.

Slight retrospective glance may tie
Loose ends of hist'ry gone awry.
Mere minor details, careless set
Here in some parts, one may forget
With slight privation—none at all;
But one may properly recall
The matter's meat; this Iliad cram
In two short lines half epigram;
Or, one an epigram may take
And, fanciful, an Iliad make.
So far this much accomplished: Rum,
Lust and gold dragon done up plumb;
More far, in fact, than chiefs didst deign

To hazard in their first campaign,
This hist'ry merest snack, or bit,
Of what we should in truth transmit
Of what they did.

The gold they got—
All in the world—within huge pot
With silver and all precious ore
They liquified and then didst pour
Profusely over every land;
Such wast the Hannabras command.
Felicitous immediate change
Bloomed everywhere abundant, strange.
It was as if Utopia
Had come her shop to ope for aye.
All equal, rich, and all things free,
Conditions wrought through knight's decree
Succeeding conquest, gold was spurned;
At last gold's true worth men had learned.
Gold was so common and so cheap,
Some plugged up holes with it to keep
North winds outside in winter time;
Some plasterers, in lieu of lime,
Mixed gold with mortar. Gold knocked out,
The g. o. p. went up the spout;
Boy Bryan, with no silver theme,
Disposed of his new type-machine
And other stuff used to alarm,
And made quick hotfoot to his farm.
All being good, at least all free
From every lust iniquity,
All churches closed; the preaching horde
In truth went working for the Lord,
Not sweaty toiling, for hard work
Was done without a hitch or jerk
By great machines that Edison
Turned out for nothing for each one.
There was no want, nor thirst, nor jag,
Since followed Hannabras the flag
Along with Smash'em. But still war
In Africa and elsewhere tore
Ted's tender heart; when bullets sped
That organ, rent wide open, bled.

And so, commanding fleet, he laid
Large, valiant hand on trenchant blade,
And swore he'd never eat a bite
Till he had fought earth's final fight.
It was no lie, no bluff jocose,
For he made Mars turn up his toes,
King Edward, William, Smash'em, czar
And Uncle Sam, and others far
Away, convening. Close they clung
Embracing; then away they flung
All diplomats and such mean things
Oft bringing lords and lands and kings
Close by their ears together. Ted
For hating war they gave gold med.,
And crowned him Peace God of the world;
In honor of him each unfurled
Flag special made of regal silk
So white as snow or lobby's ilk.

But war still pestered. Peaceful news
At some points people did refuse
To credence give; and some, perverse,
Fought after confab even worse
Than ere that meeting. Hence, anew
Went Ted and tars good to subdue
Recalcitrants, of whom the worst,
Atrocious, cannibal, accurst,
The Philippines kept in turmoil,
And soaked with blood their tropic soil,
For liberty, which, wise men saith,
Is e'er inferior far to faith.
So sailed the fleet, it running east
To do up Aggy, amber beast,
Gibraltar passing on long way
Beguiled at night and joyed by day
By many a sweet, Parkhurstic song
And leap religious high and long.
One day loved pastor, leaping high—
With zeal evangelistic s pry—
Full cleared the ship and with wild wail
Fell screaming hearlong down great whale.
All in the fleet were in amaze;
Suggestions came for many days

How him to rescue, they all sure
Like Jonah he would well endure
New habitat. None dared to shoot
The mammoth keeping in pursuit
For fear the balls might pierce tough hide
Of whale and land in Park's inside.
For three weeks so that fish kept guest
Hospitable locked in his breast,
But threw him one morn out at last;
Then, turning tail, whale flew aghast,
As if he feared Parkhurst might light
Inside again. Whale's appetite
For excellence was noted long,
But pill like Parkhurst was too strong.
The whale 'u'd sooner puked up Park
If he'd agreed. But no; though dark
At night especial in the fish,
The pastor said he hugged fond wish
To there remain and some explore
For souls who dropped in there before
As like as not. At any rate,
He vowed he'd full investigate.
Poor fish through poisoned blood soon died,
But still infects vast ocean's tide.

WICKEDNESS IS WATERLOOED.

Though Hannabras proved he could be
With cash that wasn't his'n free,
In Holy War, now nearing close,
He joyed his friends and jarred his foes,
Especially when he with Ted
Went o'er to put on Ag a head.
En route—(we Frenchmen flouting so,
We Yankees still our French proud show,
As if it were far better tongue
Than any other said or sung)—
En route, then, know how it fell out
Fell Smash'em in. It was about,
Say twelve at night, the witching time,
When She essayed main-mast to climb.
Why? No one ever knew. Howe'er,

She up tall timber high in air
Like wing-ed thing, though She obese,
Especially all 'bove Her knees,
Almost as Lambert, Britain's son
A-weighing just about full ton.
When She had reached the topmost sail
A sight She saw that turned Her pale,
For there fat tar She'd trusted in
Sat from a flagon swilling gin.
Old Tom the kind the beast poured down
His manhood, soul and sense to drown.
Sight awful sent cold shivers through
Her frame a dozen times or two,
Until She fell upon the deck
Almost a total, battered wreck.
Sir Hannabras was then asnore,
But racket, and the sea aroar,
Him brought to Her, he night garb in;
And Teddyvelt, roused by mad din,
All dressed for slaughter quick appeared,
His cannon charged, his decks all cleared,
For havoc sore. A bulletin
Said Smash'em's slats were all caved in,
And that Her bones, each broke, no doubt,
To save Her life must all come out.
Then surgeon and ship's carpenter
Sailed in to work and harp on Her;
And soon with augers, saws and bits
And other tools and with their wits
They from Her took the nau-se-ous
And broken fragments osseous.
Sir Hannabras prized fragments pressed
And locked within stout wooden chest,
The sacred relics in gold chalice
To grace the Queen's Cold-Water palace
Built in Topeka. Magic'ly
She came around quite rapidly,
But walked no more. Henceforth She rolled;
But swung Her hatchet as of old
When in Manila with the troops
She got to smashing things in hoops,
In glass and wicker, or in jug,
In goblet, still-house, or in mug,

Some hell-brew there remaining still
E'en though Rum monster they didst kill
With dynamite, when they tore down
Some time before Dink's cursed town.

When She rolled 'long Manila's streets,
And natives saw with thin-swathed seats,
And some, to tell the naked fact,
In their bare pelts—e'en fig-leaves lacked—
Through pious rage She, in a fit,
Large chunks out of Her hatchet bit,
The metal chewing. She scored loud
A half-clad, drunk-on-vino crowd
And asked them if they didn't know
That then castration was the go.
They did not, so they said, and if
They did it would have made no dif.
That answer roiled Her so She rolled
O'er some of them and crushed them cold.
The rest She had the knife assail;
With proper rites cut every male
Until he said he ever should
Refrain from evil, cling to good.
Some seven millions of them there,
With Teddy's aid, She made so fare
Beneath Her banner. Aggy, too,
Was fixed for keeps, or so he'd do
To be at large without fear later
Wee, chestnut lads might call him pater.
But in Manila and around
For Ted a heap of game was found
Despite the fact that Aggy came
Right in when hearing Teddy's name
Was registered at Inn Bamboo
And that he rode fierce cariboo.
In paddys, rice fields, stream and vale
Ted hippogriffs found to prevail;
The witch, the warlock and banshee
Roamed wild in herds. The land to free
From brood unholy taxed Ted's strength,
But task effected he at length
With Parkhurst's aid. Park, sick a spell
Through usage in that whale hotel,

But then recovered, with no gun,
But with long, fervid orison,
Enabled Teddy easily
To win his last great victory,
His hardest struggle being stiff
Scrap hot with main guy hippogriff
Up in high mountain, where huge brute
Retreated with his sweet, or suit.
Use which you wish. What's in a name?
Called rose, or lily, skunk's the same.
Sir Ted, not fearing brush, nor bout,
Howe'er decided to starve out
The griff and his unholy clan.
It was antique, good tactic plan
In war approved. No troop can spill
Blood properly without its swill.
An army full of nutriment,
And going hell-election-bent,
Is probably as live a thing
As e'er afoot went or awing,
Or hossback charged.

Ted waited eight

Long weeks to see capitulate,
Or sally forth from wild stronghold,
The foe, winged monster keen and bold,
Slow interim beguiling now
And then with mimic battle row,
Or song, or story, or some verse
He or his comrades wouldst rehearse.
Some of the latter in this wise
Sir Teddy once didst improvise:

"Mrs. Smash'em, holy terror,
"Someone get a halo for 'er!
"Boys, when from debt you would be free
"Just plunge right into bankruptcy.
"All do your best, boys, hard to hit
"The dead-beat and damned hypocrite.
"Say, Ned, or Mr. Albert Wettin,
"How now is your crown a-settin'?
"Would you earn fame? Then, boys, you storm
"With ax or hatchet for reform.
"Old Split Hoof 'phones with frightful fear:

" 'Don't! Don't let Carrie come down here!' "
 "A grizzly meeting me once cried:
 " 'Don't shoot!' Then fell dead, petrified.
 "Lord bless you, soul, where'er you are,
 "Who first rolled up fat, prime cigar!
 "The English king does Russian speak.
 "But, boys, alas, he can't tongue Greek!
 "So long as nature's charms endure,
 "Rich nature's lover can't be poor.
 "Depew's so rich and high, his wit
 "As sure as shooting makes a hit.
 "Here is a problem: Why in thunder
 "Refuse some papers to go under?
 "The Dutchman Boer, he seems to be
 "Related to the Irish flea.
 "Rex Rockefeller, boys, some day
 "Just like the tramp'll turn to clay.
 "With Nedward on his throne now, will be
 "Long for the lovely Jersey Lily?
 "Boys, learn to dance and you may turn
 "Fair head of belle with cash to burn.
 "Ye heathen gods and little fishes,
 "If one could have all things he wishes!
 "Husband, hurt not wifey's feeling
 "By spitting on the whitewashed ceiling.
 "The finest Injun is the squaw:
 "She chews the weed and holds her jaw.
 "So wise as Solomon won't do.
 "It must be: Keen as Peach Depew.
 "Death's royal chess is such strange thing:
 "He took a queen and gave a king.
 "Upon some shafts the epitaph
 "Brings tears, so hard the readers laugh.
 "When writing, boys, use balm or gall;
 "Don't mix the two. Be Saul, or Paul.
 "The smile of some men whom you know
 "Is like chill sunshine on crisp snow.
 "Would Croker, think you, boys, refuse
 "To wear a pair of Congress shoes?
 "Ah, boys, it is a noble thing
 "To welt Pegasus! Dulcet sing!
 "Come, all ye bards, who measures make,
 "And join us in a muse milk-shake.

"In Kansas, when they fuel lack,
 "They catch and burn a man who's black.
 "Trust not to luck, for it may foil.
 "Get in with John and Standard Oil.
 "Wife, when poor John is feeling sad,
 "A little spiced rum isn't bad.
 "What joy to watch bald lobsters stare
 "When Tottie kicks holes in the air!
 "Some day some budding Croesus bright
 "'Ill Tophet tap for heat and light.
 "This is a fact, boys, bet your boots:
 "Frost never kills forbidden fruits.
 "If Brother Mark should pass away,
 "God and myself, boys, still would stay.
 "Oh, springtime, haste, so we with bait
 "May swig and fish and ruminate!
 "I can't lilt song? I'll bet a dollar
 "I could make old Homer holler!
 "With negro-burning and with Carrie,
 "Kansas laughing keeps Old Harry.
 "The trusted employe 's the one
 "Who frequent flies off with the mon.
 "In two short lines a man may cuff
 "A fool or rascal quite enough.
 "If Foraker should die, what price
 "Next summer, boys, we'd pay for ice!
 "Say, Mr. Riley, how's this lyre?
 "What's eatin' this Promethean fire?
 "Boys, harken, listen and be wise:
 "Great danger lurks in goo-goo eyes.
 "Why purchase chestnuts when a glass
 "Costs just as much as Pabst, or Bass?
 "Boy Bryan Blue persists in crime:
 "His Commoner 's each week on time.
 "When Carnegie goes broke and poor,
 "Turn not the good man from your door.
 "The heathen gods were fond of sports
 "And set the pace for modern courts.
 "Oh soulful bards, how sad if bliss
 "In English did not rhyme with kiss!
 "When Shakespeare's writing day was done
 "He'd toss off sonnets just for fun.
 "Lord Byron was a trifle fast,

"But wrote some stanzas unsurpassed.
"This is a fact men oft regret:
"The old acquaintance won't forget."

So oft for hours Teddy races
Would run a-riding nag Pegasus,
As dogged a brute as ever rolled
Upon poor bard, or poet foaled.
But Teddy, with his Cuban vim,
Took lots of didoes out of him.

Ted with his tars shot off at last
Beneath griff's mountain fearful blast,
The air for miles with monsters filling;
That was his last and grandest killing,
But did not end, by any means,
His work, nor that of Mark's marines,
Who found through word from various courts
That Creelmans oft spread false reports.
Hence, e'en this hist'ry writ each day,
It being sort of diary,
May err somewhat. Reporters, dom 'em!
Prove that to err is mighty common.

From China and from Bombibaby,
The latter Lost Atlantis may be,
Came oft report, true cable bruit,
How men of God ran after loot.
Sir Hannabras, She. Frye and others—
With She left out, all noble brothers—
Pooh-poohed reports. It could not be!
Loot lure men of divinity?
No! Never! Never! 'Twas foul lie
Of deepest and most damnedest dye!
However, Parkhurst and marines,
Familiar with behind-the-scenes,
Some doubts let fall. In consequence
They sailed for Peking, China, whence
We have Ting Fang, whom now some state
Fair maid didst slyly osculate
In Washington. There is no stink
Too foul for taste of pen and ink.

In Pekin every slanderous word
About the missionaries heard,
Wast branded false and proved untrue.
The clerics swore it and they knew.
Some poor at home, there rich supplied,
Were fat through Him. God didst provide
For His true children ample store;
Praise Him, poor sinners, evermore!

Of course, the natives, heathen beasts
With shark-fin orgies, opium feasts,
And carnal sins too dark to name,
Accused the clerics and cried, "Shame!"
But who could b'lieve them, with no Cross
Nor holy wars, before their joss?
Tell how on earth His truth may fall
On land devoid of pastoral call
Upon the wife when hub's away
In trade, or something, making hay?
'Tis odd how many sisters need
On saving grace to frequent feed
From hand of pastor in the house.
But it's all right, so law allows;
Yet some opine good sisters might
In church appease blest appetite.
At all events, degenerate
Upon this theme let none 'dilate.
And no one, good or bad, let dare
It touch till after fervent prayer.
It shameful is to ever doubt
A preacher running loose about;
Should wife accuse the clerical,
'Tis plain she's daft—hysterical.
But if it's true? Well, never cheep;
The Bible says all flesh is weak;
And it is base, and dastard crime,
Church shame to spread at any time.
Do what ye may, ye folks so sinnin',
But air no preacher's dirty linen.

In Pekin Ted, assured that all,
Inhabiting once sinful ball,
Were, through his own and others' quest

And toil and prayer, full saved and blest,
Proposed and carried out grand tour,
Fleet touching many a seaport pure
And inland town. Before they went
Away some cablegrams were sent
To almost every perfect place,
McKinley and the Throne of Grace.



SIR HANNABRAS.

SECTION FOURTH.

BEATITUDES IN FULL BLAST.

Their labors o'er, millennium come,
Troops and their captains, sounding drum
And singing grateful, sail away—
To most all countries visits pay;
And final find for Mark gold crown
From God, Himself, for him sent down.

THE COLOSSI IN CŒLUM.

When sure, despite keen, closest seekin',
No sin remained in or 'round Pekin,
Fine fleet, with many missionaries,
Some looted puppies and canaries,
Raised anchor, boomed a due salute,
And eastwardly began to shoot
Through "ocean stream." Some—all had wings—
Arose in air on patent things
Art had provided. Edison,
Full length inventive having run,
Had for mechanics done what Mark
For morals did. Up from each ark,
Or modern ship, the saintly flew
And circled in the ambient blue.
So Carrie e'en, though lacking bone,
Arose awing in every zone
Through which they sped. She in the air
Induced some baldheads long to stare,
But not with wicked thoughts intent,
For sin, the devil's increment,
No longer was—one reason why
'Twas then so easy for to fly.

But Lucifer from heaven fell;
Some angels with him did rebel;
In Eden fair, the snake behold
With tail 'round apple-tree enrolled.
So, in Mark's Eden of the world
Huge hissing serpent deadly curled.
How it escaped, no sailor knew;
Its blood though cold was very blue;
That serpent's race when in the bud
Reached far beyond the Noah flood.
Ah, it is noble, men, to be
A limb of ancient social tree!
Though Vanderbilt the old sold gin
Across rude counter of his inn
To drunken sailors, drabs and tars,
His sons and daughters now are stars
Of first and wondrous magnitude
And first-prize-taking pulchritude.
Blood surely tells. In Castellane
It proves that proposition plain;
And during grotesque Cuban war
Sons of their fathers drew far more
Fat prizes than old men with merit;
Blue blood's fine feature to inherit.
Fair bastard regal of a king
E'en popes allow 's a pretty thing.
And king? He's Guinea-golden goose
Few maids or matrons would refuse.
That is, before that glorious day
When all earth's sins were washed away—
When Hannabras, before all eyes,
This infant world didst plunge, baptize,
In Smash'em's Jordan, stream so clear
As crystal soul of pulpiteer.

On land, in air, in sea, in lake,
Wast naught to mar then but that snake.
It to remove, best plan they sought;
The task to Smash'em fell by lot.
She full of joy to get last chance
Upon some villain for to dance,
Prayed to the Lord, one night alone,
To put in Her Her former bone.

The Lord so did, and Carrie flew
To social serpent's rende(s)vou(s).
With hatchet big, Topeka trusty,
She forth the snake to quickly bust. He,
Erstwhile so brave, now sought to sneak,
But She fell on him with a shriek,
And hacked him up too dead to skin.
Her task was done; he was all in.

With all men equal, all men free,
No sin on earth and no Big G,
It is no wonder all who wrought
The change, delighted all who thought.
No work to plague, in no place need,
Or want, and free all kinds of feed;
No pain at all and no disease;
Gnats turned to flies and flies to fleas
And fleas in turn to hummingbirds;
The whole world using English words,
Not vocalized, but by a look,
Or 'lectric shock through foil and hook,
Men thought conveying through the air;
When none was plain and all were fair;
When none was rich and none was poor;
When there was nothing to allure;
When all were wise, none was a fool;
When all obeyed the Golden Rule;
When moral censors were no more,
The fleet and all the saints it bore,
Off Bombibaby anchors vast
Raised, Smash'em on the mizzen-mast.
From Bombi flew an angel crowd;
Their flapping wings made music loud
So dulcet that each fish and brute
There in gay dance didst evolute.
With all so pure, all equal, free,
Sir Hannabras proposed decree
Which thus he read, or had in mind
And 'round the globe sent unconfined
Z-z-i-i-p-p wireless:

“My Saints: I'm glad
“On earth no more men may be bad,
“Which being word none needs repeat.

"Or think, 'll soon be obsolete;
 "So, also, all such words as fraud,
 "Cupidity, bankruptcy, bawd,
 "Seduction, cozen, swindle, cheat,
 "Defaming, lying, lust, deceit,
 "Slaughter, slander, servant, slavish,
 "Stigma, subtle, fawning, knavish,
 "Countess, princess, duchess, dastard,
 "Beastly, brutal, beggar, bastard,
 "Nasty, filthy, foul, correction,
 "Hate, repugnance, shame, defection,
 "And thousands more. Where all is right
 "Men's thought and language shine with light
 "Reflected from His throne on high;
 "Words are pale rags, but act is dye
 "That colors them in various hues.
 "Henceforth in heaven's crystal dew
 "All speech, like roses after rain
 "With odor fragrant, shalt detain
 "Pleased sense of eye, of nose, of ear;
 "Sight, smell and sound delightful, clear,
 "Without blot, taint, or discord, then
 "Shalt elevate ecstatic; men
 "In pulpit, forum, and on stage,
 "No more wilt snivel, bellow, rage.
 "Threadbare theology thin, stale,
 "Affected most by men who'd fail
 "In noble callings, now we place
 "Securely locked in drybone's case
 "Along with mummies, fossils, shells,
 "And each old thing that musty smells.
 "For nineteen hundred years they've sung
 "Their anthems, and sad changes rung,
 "And still, the fact we deep regret,
 "Till late no land was Christ-like yet.
 "Men whore and murder, steal and maim,
 "Seduce and slander, just the same
 "Beneath His Cross as 'neath Half-Moon,
 "Mohammed's Crescent. Love in June
 "Defies all creeds. The orthodox
 "And heretic in trade play fox;
 "Or, rather, did. My saints you'll hence
 "Correct me if I tup the tense.

"In grammar still are some things few
 "Well to remember and to do,
 "Though it is better to write free
 "Than e'er to stiff rules bend the knee.
 "A pedant full of Pineo
 "And Greek through life may ninny go;
 "Lots of blockheads thrive, grow fat on,
 "Flighty French and pompous Latin,
 "Which in schools the pupils glut on
 "To help professors to get mutton;
 "For some of them so classical,
 "By all just gods, are assical.
 "School principals? Some are superb,
 "Some frothy frauds, vain and absurd.
 "Some even preach, as if the cloth
 "Without them lacked sufficient froth;
 "The saddest sight I ever saw
 "Was principal in pulpit paw
 "Air unoffending as he soared
 "And pompous, thin wind-pudding poured.
 "It gave him joy, it seemed, to hear
 "His platitudes pound on his ear.
 "How picturesque his cave of wind!
 "How awful told he how men sinned!
 "And when that tongue grew tremulous,
 "Of peevish infant emulous,
 "How maidens of uncertain years
 "Sniffed piously and squeezed out tears!
 "But such ripe sage is at his best
 "When he's some hamlet's honored guest;
 "Or called away to spout or preach
 "To scholars young who faithful teach.
 "The village Bennett has proclaimed
 "How Mr. Doodley was obtained
 "To chain and charm the public ear.
 "He comes; in black arrayed austere
 "He is, perhaps, the parson's guest;
 "At any rate, he's fed the best;
 "Fat, village larder, farm and field
 "For his repast are made to yield;
 "For days, perhaps, the village coops
 "Have been denuded of fat troops
 "Of tender hens and cocks in youth

"For pie for great man's tasty tooth.
 "At last he dawns, like glorious sun,
 "That agitated town upon.
 "Grave men in boiled shirts and kip boots,
 "In hoary hats and rocky suits,
 "Escort him, as their bosoms swell,
 "To favored house, or best hotel,
 "Where he's presented to some few
 "Permitted city sage to view.
 "Capacious void with unction lined
 "With dainty meats of every kind,
 "Professor Plutarch Cicero
 "Spinoza Paul Correggio,
 "Escorted by the hamlet's head,
 "Is to the hall of triumph led.
 "Jammed full of rustic maiden grace
 "And gallant farmers, babes in lace,
 "Grave patriarchs and buxom wives,
 "P. P. C. S. P. C. arrives.
 "Stern chairman, Bacon of the town,
 "By learning's lion sitteth down,
 "Whilst through the hall is heard loud hum
 "And whispered, 'That's him!' 'Yes, he's come!'
 "Slow and majestic, link by link,
 "The chair arises, takes a drink,
 "And then awhile, in floral speech,
 "Throws all the bouquets he can reach
 "Upon Professor So-and-So,
 "In this case Paul Correggio,
 "Who has come far, perhaps a score
 "Of miles, on them to learning pour.
 "Applause subsiding, Wisdom opes
 "Its doors and lore flows forth in tropes,
 "Professor P. C. yielding all
 "Rich store in his fat citadel,
 "Profusely pouring what all know
 "In lofty periods that flow
 "Sonorous, like sheer waterfall,
 "Or low of kine that blatter, bawl.
 "And so your mighty mental Thor,
 "Some school controlling, travels o'er
 "Land unprotected, unpoliced,
 "To pose, blow pompous and high feast,

"Whilst understrapper does school work
"Paul Cicero does chronic shirk.
"But that Paul works along such rule
"Is best, dead sure, for public school
"He plays for sucker.

"But to reach
"Instructor who's superbest peach
"You've got to use persimmon poles
"And poke to touch art teachers' souls.
"Such in the public schools impart
"More far than Titian knew of art
"And every month at least a crowd
"Of master artists, peerless, proud,
"Turn finished out to paint and carve.
"Art teachers never need to starve
"So long as education's board
"S so kind to let jobs which afford
"Famed teaching Titians, when in luck,
"Sufficient coin to buy their chuck.
"Hence, many art instructors high
"Need not for charity apply,
"And with their blues and blacks and browns
"Are not gaunt charges on the towns.
"Art education thus buys meat
"Whilst proving boon the most complete;
"Thus art and aliment, like twins,
"Proceed abreast upon their pins,
"The palette, mahl-stick, tube and brush
"Fast making masters and meal mush.
"Apt teacher, using scarlet lake,
"Earns fame, and pork in pie to bake,
"Art elevating with an ease
"That must delight the poor trustees,
"Who, when he's daubing, well may bless
"Their stars they have one pauper less.
"Hence, it is plain, your school-room art
"Plays near the poor-house no mean part.
"Pay given Angelos employed
"In schools to fill art's aching void
"Is poor and thin, but all may learn
"Small wage is larger than they earn;
"For artist who is fit to teach
"Is far beyond the school-board's reach,

"Such artist making in one day
"Far more, perhaps, than board could pay
"Art daub a year. School art 's cheap job
"To pupils cheat, taxpayers rob."

Sir Hannabras a week or more
Sat pouring out deep flood of lore,
For which sage senate oft had cause
To raise the rafters with applause.
Knight's manifesto, long spun out,
Concluded darkly, in much doubt.
So often platforms, which when clear
Embarrass bosses and fetch fear.
A principle or platform dark
Oft saves intact politic ark.
There is the tariff. Understood
'Twere longer very little good
As campaign, presidential cry;
But, mooted solemn, fat may fry
For generations in each state,
And curbstone Catos agitate.
However, knight, through cloud and haze,
Emitted final some few rays,
Advising fleet, from his high perch
To raze to earth each Christian church,
"Now," he said, "needless, since no sin
"Nor stain, nor crime, can enter in
"The Greater Eden, blooming fair
"Not here alone, but everywhere."

When 'twas suggested that to Burke
All churches meant the cloth must work,
Knight said: "All right; there's no excuse
"The cloth should longer be no use."
So as they traveled, in their path
Were churches ruined, as if wrath
Of Turk with heretic delight
Had wrecked each church with dynamite.
Church-smashing pleased the Lord, Who lent
Sir H. gold crown magnificent.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS REVELRY.

With Her bright pinions open wide,
Meek Kansas Carrie, morals' bride,
In liquid air winged far before
Sir Hannabras and many score
Of glorious ships. So sailed they on
Until they entered Washington,
Where all in splendid, rich array
Met Hannaites and cried, "Huzza!"
McKinley said to them:

"My Friends,
"Who've traveled to remotest ends .
"Of this sad vale of touching tears,
"I bid you welcome." (Rousing cheers.)
"Sir Hannabras, Sir Tedvelt, She,
"And all brave others, who o'er sea,
"Or land, in air, toiled for His cause,
"I kindly thank you." (Wild applause.)
"Through war myself, I safe may state
"What you endured I 'preciate.
"Your capture of the serpent, men,
"Was joyous news, especial when
"Base rumor had it I had e'en
"Been found to wink at base canteen!"
(Loud demonstration.) "That foul lie"
(Tremendous cheering) "now here I
"Hurl back defiant! Since I've been
"Executive no drop of gin
"Nor other liquor has been sold
"Elsewhere or here to men enrolled
"Beneath our flag!" (Applause, renewed,
For full five minutes here ensued.)
"That lie 's forever nailed, I trust!"
(Laughter and cheers.) "Your fatal thrust
"Into hot vitals of lust vile,
"Curst stream that rises like the Nile,
"The world astounding e'er shalt bless!
"I would say more, but duties press.

"A man from Canton calls at 2
"To pick an office. I am due
"To meet him the capitol;
"And, so, I say farewell to all."

Then cries for Smash'em long and loud
Arose from that distinguished crowd.
Erect, She said:

"Good People, though
"We've rid the world of most all woe,
"Much work remains. I hear some chaps
"Here in this capital shoot craps!
"I here was e'en informed today
"Some brazen women euchre play!
"And here today I also hear
"Some men of congress drink small-beer!
"And other swill, if men say true,
"Is rampant here. It's iron-brew!
"I also learn, through Fang I think,
"That here are teas the press calls pink.
"And I observe that there are halls
"In which they play, and pull off balls.
"And I have noticed you have shows
"In which young women wear short clothes.
"That is abhorrent! And, again,
"I see a lot of smoking men!
"It's said also here women be
"Who lallygag upon beau's knee!
"It's said—but none can credit this—
"That males and maidens hug and kiss!
"I understand, too, there's dark game
"Called poker here. If so, what shame!
"And I have seen, with my own eyes,
"Men deep engaged in chucking dice!
"Such crime so frightful here I've seen,
"Or heard about! Deeds so unclean
"Will sink your city, and pell-mell
"Send every one of you to hell!
"Repent, O sinners! Burn dance halls!
"Cut out your capers and your balls!
"And quit your kissing, for it sure
"As shootin' is warm crime impure!
"And hugging? I would like to see

"The viper who'd try that on me!
 "I come from Kansas, where no rag
 "Is hugged till wed, you bet your bag!
 "Some said millennium had come
 "When we had killed off lust and rum,
 "But were misled. The world, I find,
 "In places still is beastly, blind.
 "No land is one of purity
 "When it's polluted with pink-tea!
 "No state can holily suit Nash
 "Nor me where young folks live who mash!
 "God's favors ne'er upon you'll drop
 "If you imbibe fell swill of hop!
 "No senator shall heaven see
 "If with typewriters he makes free!
 "Hence, law should rule compelling men
 "To write alone with good quill-pen;
 "These type-machines, with bells and keys,
 "Lead men to vile iniquities.
 "And there's another institute
 "That is more base: The bathing-suit!
 "They show too much when loose or tight,
 "And lead to things I can't recite.
 "And these here dresses women wear
 "With arms and backs and breasts all bare!
 "They are an awful sight to see
 "Though single, or in pregnancy,
 "The women are who have them on.
 "They beat the devil, men, I'll swan!
 "But on the earth no fleshy frights
 "Can e'er approach pink, female tights!
 "I'd just as soon my legs disclose
 "Right here in my white underclothes
 "As wear them tight, pink, nasty things!
 "When Old Nick sees them how he sings!
 "And in the papers are foul ads
 "Displaying female things and fads
 "That ministers, in their grand might,
 "Should swipe and knock clean out of sight!
 "Some low down ads the printer sets
 "Show ladies' chimmies, pantalets,
 "The underdrawers and corsets, too!
 "Such sights corrupt and ruin you!

"And statuary? Many a niche
 "Holds marble bawds without one stitch!
 "And e'en in papal Vatican
 "They boast about a marble man
 "So bare he made me hide my face.
 "He is disgusting, damned disgrace!
 "In park, in theater and hall
 "Art things display no clothes at all,
 "And on your bill-boards in the nude,
 "To which so oft my eyes are glued,
 "I've pictures seen in my old days
 "So shocking they the dead might raise!
 "And I've seen live stock running out
 "Without a fig-leaf on, or clout!
 "And I suggest that someone picks
 "A suit to clothe the crucifix.
 "And there are dogs that run the street
 "And bargains soil! That's indiscreet
 "To say the very least of it
 "And should by law be fatal hit.
 "Put higher up fruits, meats and togs,
 "Or else let's have much smaller dogs!
 "Another thing: It's coarse, I think,
 "For sucking babes to public drink;
 "Or used to be. Of course, now when
 "The babe from heaven falls bright gem,
 "No sin henceforth may morals blight
 "With or without your marriage rite.
 "There's danger great, too, in rich food;
 "It stirs hot passion in your blood;
 "Hence, hymns and hardtack, I declare,
 "And so should law, should be sole fare
 "Of all men mortal. It's no dream
 "That colic should supplant ice-cream
 "And every kind of fancy meat
 "So prone the heart to highly heat.
 "This salt and pepper—all such spice—
 "Are fraught with diabolic vice,
 "And jams, preserves and marmalade,
 "O, friends, how hellish they degrade!
 "The congress, too, I hold should pass
 "A law suppressing drinking-glass,
 "Which, times recalling when in use

"Such ware, may make some long for juice
"Of hop and rye and barleycorn,
"Which true reform holds in such scorn.
"Another edible that's ripe
"With tort terrifical is tripe,
"Which almost is so foul as cribbage,
"Cantaloupes and pickled cibbage.
"Stuffed eggs and lobsters, turkey-boned,
"O, Lord, how oft through them I've groaned!
"Calf's-liver broiled and kidney-stew
"No Christian may with safety chew.
"To beef-hash, shrimp and caper-sauce
"How oft damned soul may trace its loss!
"And English, friends, has no fit words
"To score cold bot's and small, hot birds.
"Food makes you, people. Most life mild,
"Eats grass though beast be tame or wild.
"The savage and the ravenous,
"You know, are most carnivorous."

"But why," cried voice, "do you destroy
"God's temples bringing peace and joy?"

"Why? do you ask? Because the Lord
"Asks not in them to be adored.
"He asks no pictures, no immense
"Cathedrals, organs, no incense!
"He, in the manger born and laid,
"Cares not for vestments rich displayed!
"The hills and dales, the deep, dark woods.
"The mountains grand, vast solitudes,
"Beneath His blue and boundless sky,
"Built by His hands, more sanctify
"Than all the tawdry pomp and art
"Designed to awe and thrill man's heart.
"More sacred beauty blooms for me
"In thorn-bush than in rosary;
"There's more of pathos in deep hush
"Of autumn eve, or song of thrush,
"Or russet dawn, or waterfall,
"Than in St. Peter's. Jesus, Paul,
"Mohammed—all the greatest, best.
"Mild, noble and the tenderest—

"In spreading fields, on mounts, in meads,
 "Taught men His will, not barren creeds!
 "The fairest fane for God on earth
 "Is clean heart pure as babe at birth!
 "Your churches low in ruins now
 "Were social temples largely. How
 "Each strived the other to surpass
 "In richness, grandeur, wealth and class!
 "You'd think the Lord, so poor of old,
 "Were money-mad—athirst for gold!
 "And these niched saints in every town? -
 "Each saint tricked out like gaudy clown!
 "The truth to tell, ere this new age,
 "The pulpit much stood like the stage.
 "Meek pastor, like gay actor, makes
 "His play for highest stipend—stakes.
 "And each alike his words prepares—
 "The one his part, the other prayers.
 "And actor's grief and preacher's tear
 "Are ten to one alike sincere.
 "Both hot to climb, to dazzle eyes,
 "With equal skill well advertise.
 "Each, always on alert for fame,
 "Parades his sermons, dramas, name.
 "And each alike most conquests makes,
 "Not for the Lord, but ladies' sakes.
 "Stage-den or church attracts the fair,
 "Not for the play so much, nor prayer,
 "But that such proper, public place,
 "Mart full of brightness, men and grace,
 "Incites display of Cupid's arms
 "That hint of hidden female charms.
 "Each church, except your Catholic,
 "Is largely social, fussy trick:
 "And e'en old papal is not free
 "From studied, veiled hypocrisy.
 "But 'spite its arts, it still remains
 "Majestic monarch with some stains.
 "Now nearly all swell pulpits stink
 "With stench of scandal, or of chink.
 "How kindly your good parson spares
 "Lines Sunday sinning! Why? Half-fares!
 "But Sunday ball? Good heavens! That

" 'S far worse than work to heap more fat
 "On Croesus Sunday! He dares pray
 "Whilst Sunday serfs for him make hay!
 "And white-tie preacher's seldom stirred
 "Against Wealth's line to say one word!
 "Some preachers are a sickly set,
 "Mean begging, pinching, e'er in debt;
 "Some, full of vim, and blood, and meat,
 "Leer even from the Mercy Seat;
 "Some, ever yelling "Charity!"
 "Ne'er gave one cent to poverty.
 "Your pulpit and your church both seem
 "To realize deception's dream.
 "Cant is their creed; and Pharisees,
 "'Neath formal cloth alert for fees,
 "Like Yatman, both smooth knave and liar,
 "Work like most men for snaps and hire.
 "Such some few reasons why we razed
 "Deception's halls and joyful gazed"—

An angel of gigantic size,
 "Nash" on his wings, "Cox" in his eyes,
 Here circling o'er the host appeared.
 Him Smash'em saw and said:

"I heard

"About this angel fair you see;
 "He will for pres'dent run with me.
 "He's to be head and me the tail.
 "And say? You bet that we will sail
 "Into the White House with a roar
 "Of loud acclaim in four years more!
 "The platform full will simply be:
 "'Nash! Nation! God! And Purity!'
 "Just them five words. Now Seraph Nash
 "I'll introduce."

A blinding flash
 Zigzagging from his gorgeous wings,
 Of gold and opal and such things.
 And halo, made vast concourse blink.
 Presenting him She said:

"I think

"Brief speeches best. All I will say
 "Is, 'Here is God's true dep-u-tay!'"

Nash, bowing, said: "I'm pleased to see
 "How apt your chairman classes me.
 "Some days and nights it is since I
 "Was closeted with Him on high.
 "I'm free to say He is the most
 "August and pleasing, model host.
 "We talked about Jeff.-Ruhlin fight
 "He bade me stop. I said, 'All right!'
 "He asked me then if I'd consent
 "To run with Smash for president.
 "I told him that my modesty,
 "Which is my main commodity,
 "And fact Ohio is my state,
 "Not only made me hesitate,
 "But utterly refuse. The Lord
 "Then tried persuasion, and He soared
 "Upon an oratoric flight
 "To shake my purpose. Lest I might
 "Seem deaf and cold and in stern mood
 "Suggesting some ingratitude,
 "I final said, 'I'll think of it.'
 "Then joy His face majestic lit!
 "He said He'd take me to His Son,
 "'Whom,' said He, 'you rely upon
 "'In your campaign. He helped elect
 "'McKinley and will not deflect.
 "'He, like Myself and Hannabras,
 "'Is in your great g. o. p. class,
 "'And always does His best, through Me,
 "'To bring your party victory.'
 "Hence, in a way; it is alleged,
 "With Smash'em I am partly pledged
 "To stand as party's nominee,
 "A pleasing fact that says to me
 "The public's heart was in full tune—
 "Beat with my own in unison—
 "When, with McKinley, Mark and Cox,
 "To Jeff and Gus I put the blocks."

Wild cheer tremendous tore the air
 As he wound up. Then Smash'em fair
 In her huge wings, cried, "Come along!"
 Some winged and others walked whilst song

Inspired all. They rushed to greet
McKinley pure in Virtue's seat.

MARCH OF THE MILLENNIUM.

Miltonian hell looms grand above
His Paradise illumed with love.
So in this Iliad. When gore,
Conflicting legions, ravage sore,
Heap mounds of dead upon the plain,
The poorest pen respect may gain.
But theme concerning but the blest,
In beauty's numbers to be drest,
Dismays your bards, who vainly try
To paint perfection.

Teddy, Frye,
Sir Hannabras and Parkhurst, Joe
Ice Foraker, whose breath brought snow,
And many more, a glorious sea,
Surged toward the Seat of Purity,
Whence, with Bill's blessing, each saint went
Back to his Bible reverent.
Millennium, then reigning czar—
No sign of sin on earth to mar—
Worked many wonders which we note
For benefit of times remote:

Each being equal; all in grace;
No want nor wine in any place;
No Caesar combine, tyrant trust;
No lechery; no lethal lust;
No bank nor banker toil to rob;
No senate nor Wall street to job;
No war cheap heroes to create;
No West Point gods to incubate;
No tattered title, foul and old,
Shipped over to be wed to gold;
No puppy count; no poxy puke
In peerage pictured princely duke;
No cuckold rich through faithless wife;
No preacher leading double life;

No governor in league with Cox;
 No pious whelp to water stocks;
 No mission feeding heathen strife;
 No saint demanding Ah Sin's life;
 No hypocrite in padded pew;
 No Huxley, infidel, nor Jew;
 No merchant in church masquerade
 For custom's sake; no trick in trade;
 No charity well advertised;
 No paper richly subsidized;
 No court consenting to be bribed;
 No Moneybag high deified;
 No senate cowed by Hanna whip,
 Nor waiting for shrewd Wall-street tip;
 No female convict, fair of face,
 Well-favored in her prison place;
 No poor ass bearing campaign lamp;
 No probate court plain probate scamp;
 No stupid after-dinner talk;
 No guardian kite; no legal hawk;
 No fat-head doctor leagued with death;
 No gallows grim to shut off breath;
 No Richardson to prostitute
 Himself to help his chums to loot;
 No Carpenter to sell for cash,
 To papers, stale and stupid hash;
 No pompous puttypate to rule,
 Disturb, degrade, the public school;
 No miser, meaner than the damned;
 No red-tape Pandar in command;
 No upstart wearing stolen plumes;
 No Solon running gambling rooms;
 No sermon captioned crowds to catch;
 No widow, keen for one more match;
 No minister in debt for board,
 The debt forgotten, or ignored;
 No belly robbed to robe the back;
 No blackmail Hawkshaw to attack;
 No crawling court the rich to fawn;
 No widow aged in Sixteen's lawn;
 Then all things—living, action, dress—
 Saw oddest metamorphosis.
 All, knowing virtue is austere,

Put off and burned old-time, gay gear.
In black and brown all were arrayed;
Each was the true, millennial shade.
Matron or maid with eyes of blue
Regretted much that worldly hue;
So saintmen went around with dyes
To change all blue to dark-hued eyes.
In cheek no pink rose dared to bloom,
But sallow was with sacred gloom,
A sort of yellow mixed with brown.
Sin's cherry lips, too, were put down.
For fear their locks might prove damned snare,
Wise law made women shave their hair.
That either sex should prove no lure
Their clothing plain, locked on secure,
Was made of metal, wood, or hide;
One suit for ages would abide.
Carrie Smash'em was screwed in
In brass and sound McKinley tin
When called to riot. Her home suits
Were made of bits from old kip boots.
Her apron, built of pigs of ore,
Impervious shield, reached shoes She wore.
Her under garments, made to last,
She had for safety foundry cast.
The men wore broadfalls made to rest,
Securely padlocked, on steel vest.
The keys were kept, subject to call,
By man elected every fall
To hold and guard them. When in need
Of keys the men to him would speed:
But, sometimes starting off too late,
Mishaps ensued too sad to state.
Sir Hannabras once lost his key;
Three days in untold agony
He suffered meek, and told each one,
"'Tis sad; but, then, His will be done!"
And cruel fate, on torture bent,
Mishap the same to Smash'em sent.
Then there was rushing to and fro!
All eyes were seen to overflow
One sombre night whilst toiled amain
Smiths to release her from her pain.

With chisels, hammers, punches, poles
And files they sought to sink in holes
In each of which to put steel wedge
To batter down with maul or sledge;
But Carrie's garb a-scenting rape
Retained intact its sacred shape
Until they Parkhurst called to pray
And Teddyvelt to blaze away.
The prayers, and bullets Teddy shot,
Apt, soon and deeply hit the spot.
At last released, saved from the dead,
She to the Holy Bath was led
In private tub, where no male eye
Could, as in Newport, hope to spy.

Millennial life so pure and true
Was what base sinners would dub blue.
No music, save doxology,
Allowed was by new ology.
Dull sermon was the only speech
In public heard. No one dared teach
From anything except The Book,
In which stern law forced all to look
For sixteen hours every day;
The Bible-houses stacked up hay.
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
All were engaged to save the soul;
All robed alike, each holy set
Suggested somewhat Joliet,
Where once Chicago used to swarm
Like flies inside ere summer storm.

Sir Hannabras, all saints confessed
Howe'er, some trifle stood the best
And could have been with full consent
Elected pope or president;
Mark said in truth sage law forbade;
And so, unofficered, they prayed
And marched, a-hymning as they went,
From continent to continent.
Quite thirteen hundred millions strong
They moved a praying, singing throng,
Far casting into deepest shade

Old Hermit Pete and his crusade.
Sir Hannabras, Parkhurst and Ted
And Smash'em, four abreast, host led,
McKinley coming next alone
Upon huge charger, color roan.
Then former kings and cardinals
And all such fry in carry-alls
Moved stately on; close them behind
Came bishops, preachers and that kind
Their women with. So Louis went
To war with mistress regiment.
Next, diplomats and senators;
Behind them troops of governors;
State legislators next were seen;
Next, Boston men, each with huge bean
Of wood upon long pole or pike;
Dick Croker and Tom Platt alike
On heelers mounted ambled by;
Then all the rest, a countless fry,
Slow moved majestic.

Xerxes cried
Beholding his vast tyrant tide;
Had he beheld knights' holy flood
He would have sweat out kingly blood.
O, moving scene! O, glorious sight!
A world of men in peaceful might,
United in His bonds of love,
In stately march for Him above!
Parkhurst sometimes was seen to rise
And circle o'er them in fair skies,
As if the earth were not quite meet
For him to touch with holy feet.
McKinley, too, upon his horse
Would rise and through the ether course;
Once, so afloat, his charger soiled
Somewhat some saints, who smiled unroiled.
Good Rockefeller also flew
Sometimes high up in cobalt blue;
King Edward once essayed same thing,
But, fluttering, fell and wrecked left wing.
So, also, sometimes, up went Frye,
But always did imperfect fly.
Boy Bryan soared up like a kite,

He often going out of sight.
All animals also had wings
And flew about in flocks and strings,
On many of them saints astride
Enjoying high, aerial ride.
And so the blessed and the beast
Perpetual from west to east
With inward joy, but sombre grace,
Inspiring awed with august pace,
Or circling flight in ambient air.
Prodigious pageant solemn, rare,
When passing ruined throne or fane
Would stop awhile in vale or plain
To pour out special thanks that they
Had leveled pomp's and pride's display
And trampled to eternal dust
All cant, and wealth, and war, and lust,
And made the world, once seeming lost,
Frail bark on sinful Lethe tossed,
Resound with anthems, holy groans,
Seraphic tears and sacred moans.
O, how delightful it must be
To Him to hear such minstrelsy!
How He must bend, enravished, ear
To catch the wails of pulpiteer!
How it must joy bright hosts on high
To hear paid preachers canting cry!
How gladly He, with eye intent,
Marks how each Christian fasts through Lent!
How Peter, with his pen and fount
Of gold ink, glad keeps each account!
And how in heaven there's a day
Of special praise when Carnegie
An organ gives to glorious peal:
"Salvation's free! Let combines steal!"
And how the devil takes a sneak
When saints like Yatman deign to speak!
So Teddy, when he shot at things,
And filled the West with hides and wings,
Made thrones and foreign despots shake
And treatment for fear-ague take.

So moving on majestic, slow,
'Neath tropic sun, in northern snow,
The host ne'er felt the heat nor cold
(E'en flame burnt not rare saints of old),
Nor felt fatigued, but stouter grew
The more they walked, and prayed, and flew.
Just so the athlete. Exercise
Strength kneads into his arms, trunk, thighs.
The blacksmith's hammer arm is strong
Through systematic action long.
So host in grace. They waxed so fair
In holiness all sailed in air.
The earth disdaining, high they went
Up, up into His firmament;
Sir Hannabras, now in the lead,
Upon huge hoss of Norman breed,
Upon gold, mighty trumpet blew
Blasts thrilling all creation through.
Saint Peter, peeping out the door,
Heard easily that dulcet roar,
And summoned all to rush in haste
To see approaching countless chaste.
All heaven dropped upon its knees
Awaiting King of Subsidies
And Kansas Carrie. All went through
The pearly gate as if they knew
The place of old, and felt as when
They'd safely got back home again.
Indeed, said Carrie:

“I am lucky:

“This makes me think of old Kentucky!”
Yet felt some pain. She wished to know
Why angels cut their gowns so low;
But when transformed to be so fair
She was content; and peace reigned there!
Saint Peter, who had ages slaved,
Perceiving most earth-born were saved.
Closed books, locked up and threw worn key
Far off and danced in ecstasy.
Then to Sir Hannabras he said:

“This gold crown, He placed on your head,
“Denotes that you, who saved all earth,

"We recognize at your high worth.
"This lad, your boy, McKinley here,
"And these chaste chiefs, whom we revere,
"Are now your servants as they were
"Once down below, where men didst err
"Until your wisdom and your grace
"Redeemed the sinful, scoundrel race.
"Now heaven is shut. Though others yell
"To enter, they go plumb to hell!
"For we know all fit to come in
"Are here, redeemed from every sin.
"I'm pleased to see no Democrat
"Sneaked in with you. Where they are at
"I think it is a trifle hot.
"Republicans are all we've got
"Since you, Sir Knight, began to reign;
"They only, knight, are free from stain.
"I noticed Bryan was inclined
"To come along. He changed his mind!
"Where William now is, I've advice,
"He'll not presume to harvest ice.

"But I must hence. You and each friend
"Peace find for aye! Joy without end!"

So Peter left them; and now here
Close we this book of their career,
Which, we regret to own, can't be
Preserved complete in history.
The loss is yours and mine, not theirs;
For each with Hannabras now wears
Bright crown of glory near His throne;
Mac sits there solemn on winged roan.

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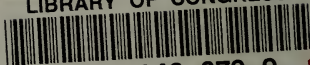
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